TEXNOΓAMIA:
OR
THE MARRIAGES OF THE ARTS.

A Comedie

Written by BARTEN HOLIDAY,
Master of Arts, and Student of *Christ Church* in *Oxford*,
and acted by the Students of the same House before the
Vniversitie, at *Shrove-tide*.

LONDON,

Printed by *John Haviland* for *Richard Meighen*, and are to be sold
at his shop near the middle Temple gate, and in Saint Dunstans
Church-yard in *Fleetstreet*. 1630.

TEXNOΓAMIA:

OR

THE MARRIAGES OF THE ARTS.

A Comedie

Written by BARTEN HOLIDAY,

Master of Arts, and Student of Christ-Church in Oxford;

And acted by the Students of the same House before the

Vniversitie, at Shrove-tide.

LONDON,

Printed by John Haviland for Ambrose Rigby, and are to be sold at his Shop under the middle Temple-gate, and in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street. 1630.

PROLOGVE

POESIS,

PHYSICA,

ASTRONOMIA, *Daughter to Physica.*

ETHICVS, *Arnoldus Magus.*

OECONOMA, *Wife to Ethicus.*

GEOGRAPHVS, *Brother to Astronomia, and Page to the courtier: in love with Astronomia.*

GEOMETRES, *In love with Astronomia.*

ARITHMETICA, *In love with Geometres.*

LOGICVS,

GRAMMATICVS, *A Sophister.*

POETA,

HISTORIA, *In love with Poesis.*

RHETORICA, *In love with Logicus.*

MEDICVS,

CAVSIDICVS,

ASTROLOGVS, *Wife to Magus.*

MELANCHOLY, *Retains some of the Astrologer's humour.*

CHOLER, *Grammaticus his Vsher.*

SANGVIS,

PHLEGMATI[C]

PHYSIOGNOMVS, *Gypsies, and Fortune-tellers.*

METAPHYSICVS, *an Apothecary.*

Persons only mentioned

THE SCENE

INSVLA FORTVNATA.

PROLOGVE.

GRacious Spectators, not to vex your eares
With some old Negative Prologue, saying, Here's
No Souldier, no Parasite, no Whore,
No Baud (for many vnderstand no more
Than such cheape stage-ware) to enfold our Scene,
And without veile to Open what we meane
Behold. Our Poet knowing our free hearts
Has here inuited Heau'n and All the Arts
To entertayne His Theater, and does bring
What he prepar'd for our Platonique King:
Deeming Your indgements able to supply
The absence of So Great a Maiesty.
But his free conscience does protest, the mirth
Of this his night was but a Fine-weekes birth;
Yet no Abortiue; if your courteous hands
Shall wrap the Infant in his swathing bands,
It Speakes Already and each Art, to raise
Delight, does vse it's Owne Distinguisht phrase.
Lend your Purg'd eares. If any doe looke grim,
Our Author sayes they wrong the Arts not Him:
He strines to Please. But yet he scornes to be
So vile, to Bargaine for a Plaudite,
And From your seats, at a Compacted clap,
Hugge an Abusing Ly. If 'tis his hap
To haue your Free applause, to This he stands,
The Arts shall not more crowne him, than Your Hands.

*Here the vpper part of the Scene open'd; when straight appear'd all Heauen, and all the Fine Arts sitting on two semicircular benches, one aboue another: who sate thus till the end of the Prologue was spoken, which being ended, they descended in order within the Scene, whiles the Musike plaid.

TEXNOΓAMIA:
OR
The Marriages of the Arts.

Actvs I. Scena I.

GEOGRAPHVS, *in a white Penner, with a white and greene Feather, a little Band, a light-colour'd Sattin suit, imbroidered Gloves, red silke Stockings, blue Garters and Roses, white Pumps, a Cloke wherein was described the terrestriall Globe in two Hemispheares, and on the Cape the two Poles.*

ASTRONOMIA, *in an azure Gowne, and a Mantle seeded with starres; on her head a Tiara, bearing on the front the seven starres, and behind, starres promiscuously; on the right side the Sunne, on the left the Moone, in Gloves, and white Pumps.*

PHANTASTES, *in a brunet'd velvet Jerkin with hanging sleeves buttoned and loop'd, a short paire of Breeches, a greene Cloke with silver lace, lin'd through with velure, red silke Stockings, party-colour'd Garters, a low-crown'd Hat with broad brims, with a Peacock's feather in't, in a yellow Band, Gloves and red Pumps.*

GEOGRAPHVS, ASTRONOMIA, PHANTASTES.

PHANTASTES, leaue vs.

Phant. I might very well be here, Sir, at a wooing match; but, I goe: yet I will not be farre off. *Exit.*

Geogra. Come, now you shall, *Astronomia.*

Astron. What shall I, *Geographus?*

Geogra. Kisse.

Astron. What? a' spight of my teeth?

Geog. No but (I hope) you doe not vse to kisse with your teeth.

Astron. Marry and I hope I doe not vse to kisse without them.

Geogr. I, but (my fine Wit-catcher) I meane you doe not Show your teeth when you kisse: —— 'tis thy *Ambrosiake* lippe (sweet *Nymph*) which thus I salute after the fine *French* —— thus, the gracious *Spanish*, —— (hold still) thus the slauering *Dutch* —— (nay, I will) and thus the deuouring *Italian* fashion —— I'me a Courtier sweet *Nymph*, I'me a Courtier; pardon me (you know the Court-humor) boldnes.

He kisses *Astron.*

Astron. What is't the Court humour then to kisse a Mayd out of breath?

Geogr. No, sweet chucke, but to kisse them In breath; to make them long-breath'd in kissing, and able to endure a Smothering and Reuiue againe.

Astron. Faith for my part Sir Courtier, then I am not acquainted with a long breath; though, I thinke, they that vse kissing much, are acquainted with long breaths, for, I warrant them, they may be smelt farre enough off.

Geog. Come, my Heau'n, I must take off your *Zone*, shall *Astronomia* be iuglre with a *Zone*, and not *Geographia*? especially since all we Louers liue vnder *Zonas torridas*.

Astron. If it bee So Sir, then I pra y you keepe you cture still; for My *Zone*, Ile assure you, as yet is a Temperate one; pardon me Sir, *Vngirt Kohlost*: If I am not *Fast*, I'me Loose, vntye the Heauens and take away their *Zones*, we should haue braue *Skie-falling*.

Geogr. I, and braue *Larke-catching*, (prettie Bird) ah! were they all such as Thee, it should bee my First wish.

Astron. I perceiue Sir, then you Courtiers are readie to take a Mayd at the Fall; Well Sir, but let goe your hand from my girdle, he that has that, shall haue me and all.

Geogra. With all my heart (my double soule) I haue Alreadie trauel'd ouer the whole Earth, and am now againe in Trauell to be Deliuered of a second Attempt, the Peregrination of the Heauens; which to effect, I know no more expedite Course, than to haue Recourse to *Astronomia*.

Astron. Pray let bee; be Modeſt yet; I thinke youle force me to ſay be Honeſt, leaue, or Ile Cry.

Geogra. I, but Ile make you Laugh.

Astron. Nay, pray you, bee not *Elephantine*; I ſuppoſe you haue beene in *India*, and pierce the Phraſe.

Geogr. Nay, but Nymph, Won't you then?

Astron. Won't I? what?

Geogr. Bee kinde.

Astron. Bee kinde? how?

Geogr. The plague of Loues I croſſing in the poine; Yonder comes thy mother *Phyſica*, why bee kinde as ſhe has beene? *He eſpies Phyſica entring.*

Astron. Marry.---

Geogr. It may be ſhee won't conſent.

Astron. O Sir, your apprehenſion is too nimble; I was ſaying, marry gracious are the Fates, to deliuer a Mayd from the violence of a Rauiſher.

Geogra. Nay, good loue, thinke this but an exiliencie of my affection, or rather thinke not on't at all, but onely (O my *Venus* lipp'd) of this *Women* modeſt kiſſe, that is but leue till the next meeting: but farewell, I ſee thy Mothers aged brow wrinkled alreadie; and I had rather againe vndertake my performed iourney about the World, than thou ſhould'ſt bee ſhent for me; once more farewell, *Geographus* his *Astronomia*. *Exit Geographus.* *He ſpeakes this drawing backe to depart.*

Astron. I muſt behaue my ſelfe now as demurely, as a Gentlewoman when ſhee's eating an Egge, well Ile preuent her, and goe meet Her, or elſe ſhe will be Meet with Me.

Actvs I. Scena II.

Pompa enters *with a Coronet in her hand, bearing on the front a Woman with two Children ſucking at her breſts, and a Cornucopia* RES *Horne paſſing vp betweene her armes; round about on the border of her Coronet were Beaſts and Trees; in a Roſe-bedded Cornu of greene branches Taffata, in Gloues and Shoes Pumps.*

ASTRONOMIA, PHYSICA.

FOrsooth, and't please you——

Physica. Who was that?

Astron. And't please you forsooth it was——

Physica. I who was it? that's the question I aske.

Astron. It was forsooth and't please you——

Physica. Yes, it pleases me to know, though I feare when I doe know it will scarce please me.

Astron. Why then forsooth since it pleases you——

Physica. Oh, is the excuse made now?

Astron. Alas forsooth, I was comming o' mine accord, to tell you forsooth.

Physica. Well, now I hope forsooth, so many forsooths have made up one excuse by this time.

Astron. It was forsooth——

Physica. Yet againe?

Astron. My Vncle *Ethicus*.

Physica. That came to teach you manners belike, and that's the reason you vse so many mannerly forsooths.

Astron. No forsooth, hee came to invite mee to his House to a Banquet.

Physica. To a Banquet? Indeed you are better fed than taught.

Astron. And marueil'd that you and I were so great strangers at his house.

Physica. Nay, that's not strange, now adayes, for the neerer kinne, the farther off in friendship, and therefore the greater strangers.

Astron. But I promis'd, for my selfe, my oftner presence hereafter, and bid *Ethicus* perswade himselfe, that though you did not come to him in person, yet that your loue and best *Affections* dwelt alwaies with him; and I did my best to make part of an excuse for you.

Physica. As you doe now for your Selfe: but Minion doe you expect a thanke of me, for your excuse? I believe rather, youle stand more in need of an excuse your selfe; it seemes your are well skill'd in the framing of them. What?

who

who bid you put on this apparell to day? you must be in your skie-colour'd Gowne euery day, in your best apparell holy-dayes and working-dayes: and had you neuer a worse seare-tyre to put on to day, but this with colour'd Ribbands eyed like Starres? but, Mision, the mystery of the truth: come, I must know it: Dares your Vncle *Ethicus* looke o'that fashion? is he a Courtier? a Trauellour? a Pioner? does he make himselfe a more fonder than the Taylour makes him? hath a Iury of Mision's come into your best parell, for the making vp of one sute of apparell for him? is here for your long Hat, short Cloke, little Band? are his old hammes growne supple againe? do his fore-knees congey? has he a wing of a ruffeling hen-hoff his shoulders, in a fashion? or the breaking of his high-heeld Shooes, or (which is better) some-sirrah of his crazie legs, who in a wanton pride they cannot stand vpon his giddie feet? you'd make a fine measure of your Vncle: but, my fine Mision, my *Antipathy* has imicled your companion, as his armes did your middle: can you not apprehend? ah *Astrumelo*, thy face was neuer made for the colouring of a lye: ah how white are truth and feeling in thy hysteria? thou neuer receiu'dst such a vile Nature from thy Mother *Physis*: no, no: I know from whom this corruption proceeds: it is that false, that vile *Astrologia*, that infects thee thus, and whom I abstaine still to follow: thy brow, I fore-mine, old age too much, which is enough against it selfe, in thy light Huswife.

Actus I. Scena III.

GEOMETRIA *in a colour'd Hat ascending in a Pyramidall forme, with a Square in it in stead of a Beuer: in a light colour'd suite of Satten, a Ruffe-band, a Cloke, wherein are described diuers Geometricall Instruments, and in one hand the height of a Tower with a Iacobs Staffe: in blue silke Stockings, Garters, Roses, Gloues, and white Pumps.*

MAGVS *in a blacke suite with a triple Gyrone, his head-hose with Crosses, and other Magicall Characters; in blacke Shooes, with a wicked wand in his hand.*

GIORATTI, MAGVS.

LEt *Geomenes* neuer vse Measure more, if hee loues not his deare *Astrologia* beyond measure. Oh, the Gods! that you and I could neuer know one another before! but Fate it should be my lucke to be acquainted with *Astrologia*. Then with your best Sir, if your occasions can make vse of my best endeauours, the employment shall bee a fauour: if at any time you want any Characters, and strange Figures for your Circles, or Circles themselues, for the confining of your Spirits, know Sir, They shall not be more obedient vnto You, than my officious gratitude, to employ Mee Sir, I protest I long to be in league with the fairest *Astronomia*, with your selfe.

Magus. Sir, Be confident of my Great Art more, if my loue to You bee not greater than my Art: the Spirits that I Command, shall not be so quicke in my Ambassages, as the Spirit of my Loue, in effecting your desires, but as my Loue, euer Iust and without End.

Geom. Well, Sir, I see not then you thinke to feare *Geometria*, for indeed though shee be proud, yet I am sure *Astronomia* is much more Highminded; and yet were her Altitude as high as Heauen, could not I Measure it? besides, where can she equall him, but in a giddie fellow, whose Head is Guided by his Heeles? but for Mee, it is well known, I haue the Rule of my selfe: indeed there's *Poesia*, him I feare, for he playes at his Mistres with his *Hexameter*, and *Pentameter*, as a Fencer lyes at his Rapier and Dagger-foile; but from Him you say You'l Ward me.

Magus. I warrant you Sir, as securely as with an Inchanted Shield: (and now Sir to Descend to Realities) I will briefly acquaint you with some of the Mysteries of our Sacred Science, and first with this. There are three wayes, by one of which your desire may be effected, the first is Fascination, the second Coniuration, and the third Medicine. The first can bee wrought onely by opportunity, by being in company with *Astronomia*.

Geom. Alas! that's the Vnmeasurable Depth of my griefe,

for I can neuer almost get into her company, but you Sir be-quaint mee with the deuice that I may not lose occasion if offer'd.

Magus. I will Sir; This Fascination is, when one does worke loue in a woman by looking on her.

Geom. But is that possible?

Magus. O, Sir, in a moderate sort very familiar; I haue knowne a man and a woman by an carnest looking vpon another, when they fell in loue, both become starke blind.

Geom. Strange! Wonderfull! but if that should happen me, how should I enioy the sight of her beauties?

Magus. Sir, my care shall exempt you from that feare; but to vnfolde vnto you the manner of this admirable operation I

Geom. Good Magus leaue off, do, do, do, do, do, do, with truth.

Magus. It is thus: The instrument of fascination is a vapour pure, and subtile, arising from the heart of the louer, out of the purer bloud, which thorow the eyes doth project beames like it selfe; those beames drawe forth with them a pure vapour, which sometimes carrieth with it bloud, (as we see in bleare-eyed folkes, who haue by looking on women bloud circulated vpon the eyes of a woman (being sent forth with a labouring violence) enter into her eye, pierceth her heart, infect the bloud and Spirits, thus by continuance of the circulation, produce an assimilation in the bloud.

Geom. Sir, this is Deepe; but is this Fascination liable?

Magus. There are a sort of your Philosophers that denie this, but (alas!) vnexperienc'd fellowes, that neuer went beyond the Circle of their Science; but wee men of practised correct and surpasse the narrow bounds of their simple Speculations: Stand neere Sir, for the better edifying of your selfe, and the more powerfull operation, I will furnish you with an Vnction of Doues, or Sparrowes bloud.

Geom. Doue, nor Sparrow is for me, my loue to you deerest *Magus*: but you made mention of a Second, Coniuration.

Magus. Sir, by that I doe present vnto you your loue.

Geom. Presently?

Magus. What will I not for you?

Geom. And your Soule and Body.

Magus. Well, stay you here still, Ile but step for her.

Geom. That euer thou wast borne! that euer thou wast borne, Diuille! *Magus* will haue the Diuill take me? I liue not in any Magicians house euer in all my *Astronomie*.

Magus. Gossip, sing, and do you heare, and moue not beyond this Circle, nor speake not a word, and now prepare your selfe to be satisfied with the beauty of your Loue.

Geom. Good *Magus* leaue off, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, I shall neuer be able to endure——

Magus. Cassilabelus——

Geom. Oh, he cry out if you won't leaue.

Magus. Vndasol, Magon, Edmiras, Orabo——

Geom. Oh! I shall burne, my bowels burne, I am consumed with fire, I feele the blood and Spirits, I cannot endure it.

Magus. Whose faire-haired Loue, is this? I must send them away against their wils, but by the power of

Geom. Is she gone yet?

Magus. Why? Doe you loue her so well, that you would haue her come?

Geom. Oh! I cannot endure it.

Magus. Nay, and you loue her well then 'tis likely.

Geom. Well, I beseech you, Sir, fall to your last remedy, Medicine for this is intolerable.

Magus. Well, Sir, that does not belong to me.

Geom. No? why? Must not I take Physicke to make her fall in loue with me?

Magus.

a He puts on a Cypresse Suit, then puts Geometres into a circle, which he brings forth and spreads; then goes into it himselfe, with a wand tered in his hand, which he names 4 waies. *At the end of each of these foure names it made a great noise within, like thunder.

a Magus stops Geometres's mouth, and speakes on.

b Geometres falls downe, thrusting his head betweene Magus his feet, and couering his face with his hands.

c Geometres rises.

Augur. No, *Geomancer*: what device had this thing in his head to be in that?

Geom. Nay alas I can't tell, I doe but take notice: I pray, let's be gone hence, I cannot endure to stay here: we'll talke further of this in some other place. *Exeunt.* [illegible]

Augur. Soope, you're a brave *Master-Poet*! *Exeunt.*

Actvs I. Scena IIIJ.

ASTROLOGIA, *in a Loose-bodied Gowne of Rich-branched Velvet; a darke starry Mantle, in a Tire like unto Starres, in the front of which was described the Scheame of a Nativitie; on the two sides the Sunne and Moone, Slippers, Gloves and blacke Wands.*

ARITHMETICA, *in a greene Gowne of Silke, on her head a Coronet, bearing in the front a Table of Multiplication, and round about the border, the nine Arabick Figures, and Cipher: in Gloves and white Pumps.*

MVSICA, *in a Waste-coat and Petty-coat of Rich-branch'd Velvet; in a Coronet bearing in the front the Table of the Gamut, with its first six Musical notes, ascending, and descending, and above them a Bag-pipe and a Harp, bearing on the borders divers other Instruments; and on the top of the circle of the Coronet, was carved Fame sounding a Trumpet: in Gloves and white Pumps.*

ASTRONOMIA, ASTROLOGIA, ARITHMETICA, MVSICA.

Astron. Come, base ruffian I have beene straigh'd, confin'd and circumscribed, without holding up my hand at Bullets.

Astrol. Why? Didst thou ever offend the Heavens in thy life, *Astronomia*?

Astron. No, but it seemes I have offended Nature: for I me thinke my mother *Physis* has spent her best affection towards me.

Astrol. Ashowe, I pretheee!

Astron. Nay, I have been held upon her knee [illegible]

being in company with *Geographus*: *Fum.* for being in company with *Astrologia*.——

Astrol. Wilt meet?

Astrol. for wearing my best clothes every day: Alas, alas, alas, my Mother thinke: Ah Nature, declare the same things? It pleaseth her in Summer to weare one kind of garments; in Winter another; in Autumne and Spring as different: another perhaps would count this pride in her: I weare always the same, which methinks her age (but that Age is froward) might interpret as a three-fold vertue, Humilitie, Thrift, and Constancy: but——

Astrol. Oh! I can easily gheste why thee speakes against me: I perceive all eminency of gifts is attended on by envy: but tush, Old—— I lay no worke: let her chide the gods that gave me my Fore-knowledge of things above her apprehension: beleeve me, I saw this great contention before, in the present Conjunction of *Saturne* and *Mars*: But for *Geographus*, I would with your Height of worth, *Astronomia*, would not Descend vnto his balenette.

Astron. You abuse me, *Astrologia*: balenette?

Astrol. Nay, then I perceive there is somewhat of fate in love: and that the Starres doe not rule men, but men the Starres; why there's no Proportion of worth betweene him and *Geometra*, a man cut out by the very Square of all vertue.

Arithm. I, and let *Arithmetica* be cast out of the Number of the Sciences; if in his very face (I speake it freely behind his back) appeare not to my eye the very Figure of sincerity.

Astron. Alas! would you Parallell *Geometra* with *Geographus*? you may as well liken the Middle of the Earth to the whole Circumference or, but found Angle to a whole Mappe.

Arithm. Nay, you are the whole Heaven wide; *Astronomia* on the contrary part; for though *Geometra* thinke there bee too great Disparity betweene him and me, and that *Arithmetica* stands now but for a Cipher in his account; yet, that conceit of his shall neuer make a Subtraction or Division in my love, but as hee was once mine Intire, so shall I euer hold it the golden Rule of friendship, rather to Adde vnto, than Substract from my first affection: but let vs not lyke idle words:

Musica. prethee what dost thou thinke of this?

Musica. Truly, I thinke *Geographus* to be a liberall Gentleman, and therefore may not consent unto *Astrologia*, when she told him but, yet I thinke her has some Crotchets now and then of a Traueller: and for *Grammatica*, I take him for a plaine Solid fellow: but in my conceit, in his discourse he's somewhat obruse, blunt, blunt.

Aritho. I, that's but thy conceit.

Musica. Indeed I must confesse I have more conceits than Iudgement: But in my fancy, *Mother Prime* is worth one of his little finger, then both they in their whole bodyes.

Poeta and Melancholico begin to Enter.

Astron. Marry thou say'st true, for I thinke there be in deed. Come, let's be gone, for I thinke euery one now Sings for my mother told me shee'd set more Eyes beside *Musica* to attend me: but after this *Poeta*, dost thou meet that way and meet him, that if he be one, I may know whom to thanke for my mothers new kind Inuention.

Exeunt Astron. Astrol. Aritho.

Actvs I. Scena V.

Poeta, in a black Satten suit, a Ferne with hanging sleeues button'd together behinde, a Blacke Beaver, with a kinde of Bayes about it, a Ruffe Band, a yellow silke Stocking, blacke silke Garters tied acrosse, blacke Roses, Gloues, and white Pumps.

Melancholico, in a blacke Cap, a blacke Hood, a blacke Cloke worne about his shoulders, blacke worke Band, blacke Gloues, and blacke Shoes.

Musica, Poeta, Melancholico.

FA, la, la, la, la, Sol, la, mi, fa.

Poeta. How now my Treble, my Minikin, art thou so pleasant?

Musica. Oh sir, I see you keepe your old Tenor still: you are alwaies Descanting.

Poeta. But my little Fiddle, where hast thou beene?

Musica. Sounding your Harmonious verses, to a Consort of Ladies.

W *Poeta.*

Poeta. Mine? If I had mine all I'de chee my Fiddle before, I might chee call thee my Trumpet, and I neither I call thee my Pipe, my Syrinx, a peece of Reede: but prethee, sirrah, who were they? O *Melancholico!* here's a Wench, if her Mistris would part with her, would make thee liue one seuen yeares longer, but to be in her company.

Mel. 'Tis a merry Wench indeed!

Musica. Why, there was my Lady with *Astrologia*, and

Poeta. My Lady? Indeed I heare nothing my Lady loues Musicke well, and for that respect I beare her a reuerence to Her selfe.

Musica. Astrologia? Well, I can stay no longer, or else could say more.

Poeta. Hold her, *Melancholico*, she shall not be gon yet.

Melancholico holds her, and looks vpon her.

Musica. Why how now Sir? Faith, *Poeta*, your man lookes as if hee would fall in loue with me. Fa, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa.

Poeta. Nay, prethee *Musica*, tell me how thou camest to attend on *Astrologia* first?

Musica. Alas, 'tis beyond my remembrance to tell that: onely I haue heard a certaine Philosopher that was in loue with her *Astrologia*, bestow'd mee vpon her when I was but a child: but I'me sure shee entertaines me so well, that I care for no other seruice now vnder Heauen, shee's a Diuine Lady, a Diuine Lady, and since my comming thither, shee has made me diuers, rare deuices to cause Harmony: but I must bee gone, I can't stay. Fa, la, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa. *Exit.*

Mel. 'Tis a merry Wench.

Poeta. But a Diuine Lady! but a Diuine Lady! I cannot tell what ayles me, but I am not very well. Follow me in, *Melancholico*.

Mel. I follow, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actvs I. Scena VI.

GEOGRAPHVS; PHANTASTES.

WHat should I cry out now against the iniquitie of the Fates, for wrapping vp all in blinde Fortune, and for the

the vnequall distribution of their gifts? I haue indeed beene about all the world, and brought home nothing but a World of care. I could cry, I confesse, but that I can't find in my hart to be such a foole, vnlesse my teares would turne to gold, as those of *Phaetons* sisters did to Amber; and then y'faith I'd turne a most deuout penitent: but, *Phantaste*, put vp the *Siquis*, put vp the *Siquis*.

He puts vp the *Siquis*.

Phant. I will, I will.

Geogr. Faith I'me almost extracted, I'me come to the *Mercury* already; there's nothing left but my wits: but what if I can get no customers now?

Phant. Faith you had best turne Paper man, and sell Maps; and yet that trade is almost downe the wind now too, you may get a pretty young—one—and set vp a Tobacco-shop.

Geogr. Foh! that's a stinking trade.

Phant. Oh your fastest sellers are most full of dirt; and I haue knowne a fellow, that was not worth a haire of his head, nay, that had not an haire of an honest man, gather more gold out of this dung-hill, than euer *Mars* did out of his *Enuies*; that now he carts not for any man in the Parish: Oh! this is the trade that yeelds *è fumo fulgorem*, Gold out of smoke.

Geogr. Oh, *Affrontania!* there's my chiefest griefe, I confesse; for as 'tis held policy in sicke men to lose; so I feare it will proue ridiculous in me, if once I grow poore.

Phant. Sir, not many yeares since, before I vndertooke with you our iourney about the wide world, I was my selfe driuen to the like streights; I meane, Sir, in that Cod-piece-age, when the innocency of men did not blush, to shew all that Nature gaue them, indeed, because they did no more, then, that taught them: then, when they wore doublets with crawes, and sleeues with pockets, then (I say) the fashion was so long at a stand, that I had like to haue beene at a fall: then your Philosopher in the Vniuersitie, scorn'd nothing but (the vniust cause of scorne) fine apparell, shewing the seuerity of his profession, by the ruggednesse of his gowne: but since, I thinke, I haue fashion'd them all; though, of late, some of your gut-bell'd country-chuffes, haue cast themselues into their frieze jerkins, with great tinn'd buttons siluer'd o'r, ra-

ther out of a proud nigg, a ninefle than an honeſt cunſto-

Cellar. Well, but what courſe ſhall I take, if I get money?

Phant. Marry, Sir, this: weare apparell of the beſt, be merry, wanton, toying, bold, affront any man: get a faire falſe diamond ring on your finger, and by all meanes haue a gilt watch, which ſometimes, to know how the day paſſes, you muſt draw out in the Market-place, through peraduenture there be a Clocke hard by within the view of your eye; twill imply, you reckon not your day by the peoples Dyalls: or ſometimes you may draw it forth before a rich mans doore, (you know in our trauells wee obſerv'd the like in a Gentleman at *Venice*) and aſſure your ſelfe, at the next meeting, Ile'l giue you the ſalutation.

Gregr. Oh! thou haſt a rare wit, my ſine *Phantaſtes!* well, let's commit it to the heauens, and if my ſtarre bleſſe me but to obtaine *Aſtronomia*, Ile count it as an enioying of the whole world, which I haue yet but ſeene. *Exeunt Geographus & Phantaſtes.*

ACTVS I. SCENA VII.

POETA, MELANCHOLICO.

ANd did thee not ſay, *Melancholico*, thee was a diuine Lady?

Mel. Yes, thee did.

Poet. And did ſhe not ſay, ſhe had made rare deuices, rare deuices (for ſhe repeated it) to cauſe Harmony?

Mel. Yes, thee did.

Poet. Fa, la, la, la, la, ſol, la, mi, fa, hum—— and did ſhee not ſay, thee would not change her ſeruice for any vnder Heauen?

Mel. Yes, thee did.

Poet. Hum. And did thee not ſay, thee could ſay more?

Mel. Yes, thee did.

Poet. Fa, la, la, la, la, ſol, la, my, ſa, pretty little *Muſica!* Fa, la, la, la, la, ſol, la, mi, fa, for thee ſung it three times I remember, pretty *Muſica*, diuine *Aſtronomia!* the ſyrre of the Gods! Nepenthe were vinegar to one of her kiſſes, diuine *Aſtronomia!*

Vniust, blind god of loue, or not entire
My brest; or whou dost, crowne my desire. What Sir-
gam is that?

Mel. Ile reade it, sir. *Poeta* sees the *Siquis*, and *Mel.* takes it downe.

If there be any Gentleman, that, for the accomplishing of his naturall indowments, entertaynes a desire of learning the languages: especially, the nimble French, maiestike Spanish, courtly Italian, massiue Dutch, happily-compounding Greeke, mysticall Hebrew, and physicall Arabicke: or that is otherwise transported with the admirable knowledge of seuen policies, complemental behauiour, naturall dispositions, or whatsoeuer else belongs to any people or country, vnder heauen: be bold, to his abundant satisfaction, be made happy in his expectation and successe, if he please to repaire to the sir-nam'd the Cloke.

Poet. Good, good; Ile monopolize this commodity; when I shall haue so many tongues to woo: I will not doubt to obtayne *Astronomia*. *Legicus* and *Grammaticus* enter. *Poeta* teares the *Siquis*.

ACTVS I. SCENA VIII.

LOGICVS, *In a wide-sleeu'd gowne, and a Sophisters Beard.*
GRAMMATICVS, *In paire of breeches close to his thigh, his stockings garter'd about the knee: a sharpe crown'd hat with a side pinne, a ruffe band, and a Ferula at his backe, &c.*

POETA, MELANCHOLICVS.

GRAMMATICVS.

Gram. SIr, you did that by a *Poeticall licence*.

Poet. So, *Grammaticus*, you'd faine Rule me still:----
Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus.

Logic. Nay, *Poeta*, you must not abuse him that hath beene your Master, he hath beene your Master, *Ergo*, you must not abuse him.

Poet. Why, how now, *Logicus*? will you be the *Neptune*, to calme these Seas with your three-fork'd Mace? I thought you could spet nothing but *Aristotle*.

Gram. Aristotle? sawcy boy? *Aristotelis libri sunt omne genus elegantiæ referti: ergo Omnis generis.*

Logic. Nay, *Poeta*, we must grant you the eloquence: *No-*

his non licet effatum differtis vel disertos.

Poet. Why how now, *Logicus*? hast thou caught the itch of *Grammaticus*? I should rather haue thought, thou wouldst haue infected him.

Gram. How now? hoyes saucie? by the soule of *Priscian*, *A tracepiore vapulabis.*

Poet. Nay, then yfaith: *A turpi desine abstinet ne Magistro.*

Poets and Gram. fight. *Gram.* What? insolent? *Pariam ut meisque assuetus dixi, ac loci.* [illegible]

Poet. *Melancholico*, doe thou cracke an argument with clog-head, there.

Logicus and Melancholico fight. *Mel.* Ile doe my best to cracke his pate, if I can.

Logic. He bites, he bites: O doe you scratch, you coward?

Mel. Yes, Sir, because you haue the itch.

Poet. To him, *Melancholico*.

They part. *Mel.* Nay, let me alone, I warrant you: we are at it, tooth and nailes.

Gram. Well, *Poeta*, *Refero ad Senatum*.

Poet. Will you come againe, Sir?

Gram. *Manifuge obscene.* *Exit.*

Poet. I beleeue thee, yfaith; *Logicus*, will you returne?

Logic. I see no reason for it: *Ergo*, I won't. *Exit.*

Poet. O, haue we broke off one of the forks of your Mace? he most valiantly now runnes away vpon two feet: Stay, here comes *Choler*, *Grammaticus* his man.

Enter CHOLER *in a yellow cloke, a yellow suit, on the breast whereof were exprest two fellowes wrastling; in a yellow hat; bearing a fist with a club in't: yellow stockings, yellow pumps, &c.*

Choler. Who was, that ran away last there? *Logicus*?

Mel. Yes.

Choler. Did you beat him?

Mel. Yes.

Choler. And who was the other? my Master?

Poet. Yes.

Choler. Did you beat him?

Poet. Yes, Sir: what say you to that?

Choler. What say I to that? marry, I say, I would haue fought

fought as long as I could haue stood, if you had not left beating of my Master.

Poet. Oh! is that all? *Domini familiarissime*; farewell, valiant Champion.

Mel. Oh! is that all? *Domini familiarissime*; farewell, valiant Champion. *Exeunt Poeta & Melancholius.*

Chol. How? bafled? by my masters Ferula. Ile quarrell with the next man I meet, who ere he be: and yonder comes *Sanguis, Medicus* his man; but hee lookes as if hee would say somewhat; Ile therefore stand aside first, and heare what hee'll say.

Actvs I. Scena IX.

SANGVIS, *in a red suit; on the breast whereof was a male with his nose bleeding; on the backe, one let blood in the arme; in a red hat, red band, stockings, red pumps, &c.*

SANGVIS, CHOLVS.

MY Master is now in a consumption; he is come to putting vp a *Si-quis* already for want of customes; and if hee had not lately beene more beholding to *Venus* than to *Mars*, he had beene quite spent, long ere this. Shee indeed now and then sends him in, those customers that are sicke in her quarters; for most men now preuent physicke, either by death or wariness; either by running vpon violent and quick deaths, and so dying ere physicke comes; or if they fall out, neuer comming to bloud-shed, but onely to a few foolish words in their idle choler.

Chol. What? does he speake of me? nay, that's enough.

Sang. But I'le put vp my *Siquis* and pray most deuoutly to *Æsculapius*, or else my Master will be the first that will haue so much need of his owne physicke, as *Salus* her selfe will be scarce able to saue him.

Chol. Soft, Sir, did not you misuse me, behind my backe?

Sang. Misuse thee? alas! I thought not on thee.

Chol. No! did not you say, Idle Choler? you shall know I am not idle. *Choler strikes Sanguis.*

Sang. Why, how now *Choler*, are you so hot?

Chol. Yes, *Sanguis*, as hot as you for your bloud.

Sang. I shall be about your eares, straight.

They fight, and *Choler* breakes *Sanguis* his head.

Chol. I shall vex all the veines in your heart then.

Sang. O, my head! my head's broke.

Chol. 'Tis no matter, *Sanguis*; thet's custome for thy Master, beyond his expectation.

Sang. And beyond mine own; I'll play no more this good while for this tricke; the gods are quicke of hearing. I perceiue your *Esculapius* has sent my Master a patient too soone, but the gods know 'tis a sorry one; but I shall remember you, *Choler*. *Exit.*

Chol. Doe, doe; I gaue you a remembrance on purpose; but, what had the Rogue in his *Si-quis*? I'll put it together againe.

If there be any man, woman, or childe, that's affected with any disease, whether it be luxation or dislocation of the bones, rupture, inflammation, obstruction, impostumation, consumption, or any vlcer, whether it be pox, plague, or pestilence, or any destruction of nature, as dumbnesse, deafnesse, blindnesse, whether temporary and by accident, or continued from the birth; or what soeuer accidents to the body of man, that hath beene euer yet counted vncurable; may it please him, or her, or that childe, to repaire to the signe of the Vrinall, and they shall finde a speedy salvation.

Why? doe not I know *Medicus*? and did I euer know that he knew this before? well, he that performes all this, must be a god or a deuill: but now I thinke on't better, I'me halfe sorry I broke *Sanguis* his head; for if my Master be hurt, he must repaire to this *Medicus*; and then will *Sanguis* either pay my Master for my sake; or make my Master pay me for his sake: I see, he that strikes in his choler, doth but repent afterwards; well, I'le correct this hastinesse of nature. *Exit.*

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

PHLEGMATES, *In a blacke gowne, a blacke Sattin suit, a blacke beauer with a gold hat-band, with a white staffe in his hand, &c.*

EVPHUISTES, *In a black suit with broad brims, a long grey beard, a coat with velvet lace, hanging-sleeues, and broad skirts, a paire of trunke hose with panes, with a velvet pouch by his side,*

in

in a ruffe band, his garters tyed about his knees: with a walking staffe in his hand.

OECONOMA, *In a blacke close bodied gowne, a ruffe, a broad brimd hat, a white apron, &c.*

HISTORICA, *In a greene gowne of branch'd velvet, a lac'd ruffe, on her head a coronet about the border whereof stood these nine Worthies, and on the top of the crosse arches arising from the circle of the coronet stood Time; an old man with a long beard, at his feet lay a sithe, holding in one hand a crowne, in the other a whip: in gloues and white pumps.*

RHETORICA, *In a greene silke gowne, a lac'd ruffe, wearing on her head a coronet, the border whereof was beset with red and white roses, in the front was expresst a garland of bayes with a palme of a hand in the middest, and round about the border, above the roses, were described palmes of hands: in gloues, and white pumps.*

POLITES, ETHICUS, OECONOMA, HISTORICA, RHETORICA.

WEll, *Historica*, I see Time's vnruly euen in the wisest; you may doe what you will; but if you would be rul'd by your friends, my counsell should be that you would neuer suncie this *Poesy*, a fellow of that kinde of profession, which all Wisemen haue euer banish'd out of the commonwealth, as being the Mother of lyes, the Nurse of abuse, and at the Best, but the worst of knowledges; perhaps you may thinke *Polites* vses this dissuasion because *Poeta's* poore; (which also I confesse in the Policy of an ordinary Discretion is to be considered) but I professe I'me chiefly moued at the vncertainty of his courses, which I thinke would not very aptly consort with your sober consistency and stayednesse of life: but I'le say no more; good *Ethicus*, supply my roome.

Histor. Reuerend *Polites*.....

Ethic. Nay, nay.....

Rhetor. Nay? nay? nay truly *Ethicus*, 'tis good manners, to let her answer in her owne defence.

Ethic. Nay, *Rhetorica*, we know you haue words at will; euery woman has two tongues, and you haue *Foure*, 'twill

come

come to a fine paſſe in a while, if wee ſuffer curry young pert thing to be prachant, eſpecially towards their elders, I may be thy father, wench, and I will ſpeake. Thou art a greene-head, *Hiſtoria*; I ſay that *Poeta's* a licentious fellow, a Drinker, a Dicer, a Wencher, a Ballad-maker, a Seducer of young minds, a Scoffer, a Libeller, a Sharker, an Humoriſt, an Epicure; proud, phantaſticall, ſullen, ſlothfull, lewd, irreligious, and in a word an enemy to all the Gods and Vertues.

Hiſtor. Ha' you done? you haue ſtucke cloues enow in your Orange to make it ſmell.

He ſpeakes to *Rhetorica.*

Ethic. Nay, thou wench, I like thee better, though thou haſt a ſhrewd Tongue: for thou haſt ſet thine affection vpon *Logicus*, a fellow of ſome vnderſtanding, and though hee has ſome of thy fault (as a peece of thy tongue) yet 'tis likely hee'l make a good Houſe-keeper; hee's thrifty, thrifty, and I like that.

Hiſtoria walkes aſide, and *Oecon.* takes her by the arme.

Oecon. Nay, pray *Hiſtoria*, take *Oeconoma's* counſell, or (at leaſt) heare it, Ile ſpeake moderately.

Hiſtor. I ſhall the rather heare you then.

Oecon. Indeed I thinke that *Poeta* will neuer proue a good houſe-keeper; for he muſt haue nothing (vnleſſe it be himſelfe) out of Order in his houſe; but euery thing forſooth ſo neat, ſo trim, as if folkes had nothing to doe but wait vpon his humorous ſloth: but we that keepe houſes (by cocke a'py) muſt haue roome for baking, brewing, ſpinning, carding, waſhing, wringing, ſtarching, ſetting, ſleeking, pinning, folding, ſmoothing; here a chaire, there a tub; here a pan, there a kettle; here a wheele, there a reele; and an hundred ſuch clutterments.

Hiſtor. It ſeemes you keepe a cleanely houſe; but I pray, how long haue you been married?

Oecon. Married? why, thirtie ſiue yeares laſt *Valentines* day; next *Valentines* day 'twill be—iuſt as can be—thirtie ſix yeares full, bleſſed be the day when it comes.

Hiſtor. You may then indeed haue forgot loue-ſports by this time; well, you are not angrie with me for hearing you? are you?

Oecon. No.

Hiſtor.

Hiſtoria. Why then, I muſt pray you likewiſe that you will not be offended, if I doe not follow what I heare.

Ocon. Well, you may (if you will) let your owne yong head guide you; fare you well, fare you well Shrewes; Ile pray, that you may haue good Houſkeepers to your Husbands.

Polites. And I, that you may haue good Citizens.

Ethicus. And I, that you may haue Honeſt men; farewell Shrewes.

Exeunt Polites, Ethicus, Oeconomus.

Hiſtoria. Fare you well; you haue had a time to loue and woo, and ſo muſt we haue. Theſe old folkes thinke their Old Age muſt carrie it away, as if they had wonne as cleere a Victorie from vs, as can be; alas! Ile giue them leaue to vſe their Dead Precepts, but if they once come to lively Examples, Ile vndertake my Selfe to conuince their beſt Experience. *Poeta's* loue indeed of late is much alienated from me, but as long I loue him, Ile ſpeake in his defence; did you ſee how *Polites* did onely ſpeake an Accuſation againſt him? and *Ethicus* Abuſe his froward Age; and *Oeconomus* Chafe out her weake coniecture? and then, (when they had rather ſhewed the Weakneſſe of their Age, than the Strength of their Reaſon,) flung away, as if their Obiections could not be Anſwered, becauſe they would not Heare an Anſwer. I would inquire of *Polites* (if my Anceſtors haue not miſ-inform'd mee in Antiquitie) whether in the Time of *Herodotus*, and after that, of *Zenophon*, (and ſince of many others) there has not bin a like coniunction to *Poeta's* and *Hiſtoria's*; and whether your chiefeſt Common-wealths-men, either of Former times, as *Plato*; or of Later, as the great *Solon* of the *Utopian* Common-wealth, haue not made a Poeticall inuention their chiefeſt glorie? but there is no diſcourſing with Age; eſpecially, when it is poſſeſſed with a peruerſe preiudice.

Rhetorica. And did you marke with what a Strength of Heat, his Cold Feebleneſſe ſet vpon me? and I was Miſtris Tongue; and I was Nimble-tongu'd; and I had Foure tongues. But if the Eie of Age bee not ſo Dimme, but that it may Reflect vpon it ſelfe: if the Eare of Age be not ſo Peruerſe, but that it may Admit a free Attention; if the Reaſon of Age

will but yeeld to Reason; then shall his Eie, his Eare, his Reason, bring in their seuerall informations against his Age. If wee should inquire with whom does reside the most refined Expolition of Language; would it bee answered with Old-folkes? If we should inquire with whom does abide the most nimble vigour of pureſt Apprehenſion; would it be answer'd with Old-folkes? if we should inquire who are most tryed for Quicke Dispatch of weightie Affaires, would it be answer'd your Old-folkes? whose Age brings Care, Care Weakneſſe, Weaknes Frowardnes, Frowardneſſe Distraction, Distraction Childiſhneſſe: and thus running Round in the Circle of Time, growing Giddie, they fall downe vpon all Foure againe, like Children: Children I may call them for their Impotencie, not Innocencie: for their Peruerſeneſſe, not Hopefulneſſe; for their Impatience, not Tenderneſſe; for then would they afford a more Tender cenſure, of our more Tender loues: but let's bee gone, and though they Chide, yet will wee Loue; and I will sooner confeſſe my Tongue to want Eloquence, than my Loue of *Logicus* to want Reason.

Hiſtoria. And I will truly acknowledge *Hiſtoria* Vnhapple in her loue, but neuer *Poeta*, vnworthy of her loue. *Exeunt.*

Actvs II. Scena II.

Enter *Ideot ſolus.*

I Perceiue yet I am not ſo Haſtie-natur'd, but there lee ſome as Haſtie, why, I would haue (worne *Logicus* had bin a fellow of Reason and very ſtayed, but (Heauen defend me) I almoſt quake to thinke what a thundering he kept, when he came to my Maſters Houſe, one while hee would Fight with *Robin*, that hee would; then hee would haue him in the Law, then againe he would Fight with him, then againe hee would goe to Law with him; at the laſt hee reſolues to doe both, though I know not whether hee will Performe either: if hee goe to Law; my Maſter (in Policie) will let his Owne cauſe fall, to come in as a Witneſſe for *Logicus*; but i'the meane time I muſt ſerue for a Meſſenger to Carry this Challenge from *Logicus* to *Poeta*; which I muſt ſee, that if I haue occa-

ſion

sion to send one to *Sangwin*, I may know how to draw Blood of him, before we e're come into the Field; let's see.

O *Poeta*, thou *Poeta*, base Nayle-byter, Deske-thumper, Head-scratcher: O *Poeta*, thou *Poeta*, the very Bottle-Ale of frothy Humour, and the floting Gorke of Spungie Vanitie; since thou hast (though not *per te*, but, *per alium*) by thy man *Melancholico*, (but woe to thy man *Melancholico!*) with most audacious and injurious indignitie flowne vp into my face, (but, oh dreadfull flying vp into my face!) know, if thou dost not make thy peace with mee, by a reconciling submission, (which you may doe, and I had rather you should doe, than fight. I never prouoked you.) I doe to thy perdition (O speedy perdition! think vpon that, and let mee not fight: I doe not prouoke you) challenge thee O *Poeta*, thee *Poeta*, thy very selfe (marke that) to single Combat at any of these seuerall Weapons, (for I onely grant thee the choice of thy death) Battle-Axe, Single Rapier, Case of Ponyards, Case of Pistols, Bodkins, or Pinnes: but know that by my art beforehand, I do *Define* thee a man of death, and for the executing of that dire-full judgement, which yet thou mayst preuent, (and o preuent by not prouoking me to fight) I will cleaue thee from the crowne of thy head downe to thy girdle, with the fury of a *Diuision*. Briefly, if thou wert not reconcil'd, I shall gore thee with the Hornes of this *Dilemma*. If thou Come, Mine Innocencie will ouercome thee, if thou do'st Not Come, thine Owne Cowardlinesse shall kill our next meeting with horrour, and thee eternally thy ordain'd Destroyer.

But I wil not name my selfe, lest the sound thereof should kill thee with an astonishing feare, and so snatch thee from the terrour of my prodigious furie.

Well, Ile yet carry *Poeta* this Letter of Commission for his Execution, and if he haue the heart to reade it through, without falling into halfe a dozen swoons, Ile say hee has a good heart; but I must haste, or else I thinke *Logicus* himselfe will ouertake me. *Exit.*

Actvs I. Scena III.

Logicvs.

O The foule of *Aristotle!* I was neuer in such a *Predicament* before in all my life: well, Ile to *Causidicus*, they say his house is hereabout, and I thinke this bee it: ho, who's within?

From within. *Causidicus.* Who's there?

Logicus. There's an answer indeed; when I aske who's within? he asks, who's without?

Enter CAVSIDICVS *in a Lawyers Gowne, a lac'd Ruffe, a black Hat, black Suit, Gloues, Silke stockings, Garters, Roses, &c.*

O, saue you Sir, do's not one Master *Causidicus* dwell here?

Caus. Yes, what would you haue Sir?

Logicus. Haue Sir? nay, I haue more already then I would haue.

Caus. If you haue any businesse, you may impart it to me.

Logicus. Businesse? then I perceiue you are all for Businesse, you haue but little entertainment for a friend; well Sir, are not you a Lawyer?

Caus. I may not denie my profession, Sir.

Logicus. If then you are a Lawyer Sir, you are either a Ciuill Lawyer, or an Vnciuill, you must admit a Diuision, Sir, for you Lawyers are *Aequiuocall*, and therefore carefully to be distinguished before you be defin'd.

Caus. Sir, I must confesse, I am not a Ciuill Lawyer, yet I trust not an Vnciuill.

Logicus. Nay, Sir, my Diuision holds; I proue it, Either you are a Ciuill Lawyer, or you are not a Ciuill Lawyer: But you confesse you are not a Ciuill Lawyer: *Ergo*, you are an Vnciuill Lawyer.

Caus. Well then, Sir, if you would haue it so, I am an Vnciuill Lawyer.

Logicus. Marrie Sir, I then feare you will scarce plead my cause well: for my complaint is against an Vnciuill fellow, and therefore I much suspect your vprightnesse; but yet since I cannot make choice, I must vse you: but Sir, you must giue me leaue to hold you a little longer vpon some Interrogatories:

if you are an Vnciuill Lawyer, then you are either an Extraordinarie Lawyer or a Common Lawyer.

Caus. Faith, I am no Extraordinarie Lawyer, and therefore (if you will) a Common Lawyer.

Logicus. Hem. Indeed had you bin an Extraordinary Lawyer, you had bin a Disorderly Lawyer: for, though they are called Canon Lawyers, yet are they most Extrauagant. But againe Sir, if you are a Common Lawyer, you are to be suspected, for commonly your Common Lawyers are to be suspected.

Enter PHLEGMATICO *in a pale russet Suit: on the backe whereof was expres'd one filling a Pipe of Tobacco, on the breast one taking Tobacco, his Hat beset round about with Tobacco-pipes: with a Can of drinke hanging at his girdle.*

But who comes yonder? *Phlegmatico*, my valiant Armor-bearer.

Phlegmatico. Fore *Ioue* most Meteorologicall Tobacco! (againe) Pure *Indian*! (againe) Not a iot Sophisticated! (againe) A Tobacco-pipe is the Chimney of perpetuall Hospitalitie: (againe) Fore *Ioue* most Metropolitane Tobacco!

He takes Tobacco, drinkes, and then smokes.

He drinkes againe and Sings, while Logicus, and Cautidicus priuately withdraw to the side of the Stage.

Tobacco's a Mistris
And in a Pipe delights to
Is descended in a Cloft,
Through the Organ of the nost
With a Reel so that inuiteth.
This makes me sing, So ho, ho, So ho, ho
He hath found a body: (boy, o
Neither would it heed
Such a Gentle wench
Whom to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes the loue Long Cases:
When our breathe it enters,
Our feet doe make indentures,
Which we Scrub with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, So ho, &c.

Tobacco is a Physitian
Good both for Sound and Sickly:
Not a Perfume

Tobacco is a Traueller
Come from the Indies Hither;
Whose Colour and Complexion
Doth resemble my Leather
And scapes the Wind, and Weather.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco are Critickes,
That fill Old Paper Pamphlets
With Scholler, and Gentlemen
It as Smoke in the Aire
That ascends from a fire when it burneth
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is Ignis fatuus,
A Fire and Error in one,
That leads men about

Till

Till the Fire be Out,
Consuming like a Taper,
This makes me sing, &c.
Tobacco is a Wooer,
And rare Stuff with Sparks;
His Pipe's his Cup and Limbs;

Hee's the vigor that does drinke;
Thus arm'd I feare not a Iurie.
This makes me sing So ho ho, So ho ho
He be es sound I boldly: (boyes,
Earth ne're did breed
Such a louiall weed,
Wherein to boast so proudly.

Logicus. Faith 'tis my man *Phlegmatico*, hee's at his rheumatike antidote: but Ile ——

Phleg. My Master, and I saw him not!

Logicus. Nay, neuer put vp your pipe, you shall not be gone so. A fire burne this Tobacco.

He takes away his Pipe, breakes it, and beates him.

Phleg. It would, if you would haue let it alone, Sir.

Logicus. You're my Target-bearer, sirrah, are you not? a present defence at a desperate combat: beare this also home with you, till I bring you more my selfe, you slauering rogue. *Exit Phleg.*

Looke Master *Causidicus*, I haue by Action expresst, what my Passion before would scarce haue afforded words to deliuer; I my selfe was in like sort beaten by a Varlet, but vpon an vnlike cause, most iniuriously; and now I come to you to be my aduocate, and if you will stand my friend, I shall not bee wanting to content you in any reasonable sort; and, because you know we are somewhat Tongue-tide, suffer me to be the Midwife to cut the string thereof, with this Siluer Penny. Nay, pray Sir be not womanish, you shall take it.

Caus. Sir, I count my Profession Crown'd, when I plead most causes: and, since I haue at this present Sir, some importunate occasion of businesses; I will promise you a meditated defence, and when you please but to intimate the instant of your necessitie, I shall fly to you as swiftly, as with the wings of Angels. Sir, I partly know you, is not your name Master *Logicus*?

Logicus. I am called so, Sir.

Cau. Then fare you well, good Master *Logicus*. *Exit Cau.*

Logicus. Fare you well, good Master *Causidicus*. Now looke to thy selfe *Poeta*, for I shall make thee fly to thy raying Iambicks: but looke to thy selfe, I say, for I haue put a sword into a mad-mans hand against thee. *Exit.*

ACTVS

Actvs II. Scena IIII.

ARITHMETICA, GEOMETRES.

I Perceiue to what Center all the lines of your Circle tend.

Geom. You would rather say, to what Circumference all the lines runne from my Center.

Arith. Loe, now you haue confess'd: and is't *Astronomia* that must so Out-shine *Arithmetica*? well, were her beauties as the Starres, Ile make them want the beautie of all beauties, Number; that they shall onely be vncertainely gaz'd vpon, vnder an Indefinite multitude.

Geom. You're out, you're out in your Account *Arithmetica*, beleeue mee you are: I onely intimated your suspicion, not expres's'd mine owne desires.

Arith. Well, *Geometres*, I haue knowne the time when your loue to *Arithmetica* was more Solid, and not thus Superficiall; the time was when *Geometres* would not do any thing without *Arithmetica*; not measure a Foot of ground, but aske of *Arithmetica* how many Inches it was: not an Inch but inquire of *Arithmetica* how many Graines were in't: but now forsooth the pride of his desires is rais'd to an Higher pitch; and now *Astronomia* is the Starre vpon which his eye is fixt, and now *Astronomia* is the *Magnetic* Pole, after which the Lead-stone of his heart doth turne. And *Astronomia*——

Geom. Peace.

Arith. What? can't you endure to heare the name of your dearest *Astronomia*?

Geom. Not from that mouth.

Arith. Because I cannot praise her Infinitely? why then me thinks not from your owne, because you cannot praise her without Measure; well, *Geometres*, forgiue me, but I must loue thee. Come, dearest; Ile be a Globe, be thou the Axletree: Ile be a Circle, be thou the Diameter: Ile be——

Geom. A chaste virgin! I thinke shee'l get her selfe with childe by an imagination, without marrying; for shee doth already, me thinks, Multiply exceedingly, and Bring forth: well, Ile leaue you, or else there is no way *Arithmetica*, to

Say

stay your Progression. *Exit Geometres.*

Arith. Well *Geometres*, I know, when thou once forsakest Number, thou then run'st headlong into confusion; but this is the misery of inthrall'd affections; yet since I cannot dissect them, I will mitigate them, and so long count them at least supportable, as they shall not exceed Number and Measure.

ACTVS II. SCENA V.

PORTIO.

Melancholico enters, takes money and departs.

HIst, *Melancholico*, passion o' me! I had almost forgot the maine point of the businesse; here—giue that to *Melancholico*. A man may as well ope an Oister without a knife, as a Lawyers mouth without a fee; but if he were halfe dead, that would (like strong-water to a dying man) make him gape, though he could not speake. O the Serpentine ingratitude of man! that these snakes, whom I haue nourished in my bosome, should now sting me! This *Logicus*, a base, dry-brain'd, keeks-witted clinch-fist, not long agoe, perceiuing his fortunes to bee brought to a desperate precipitation; through the incomprehensible difficulty of his Artlesse curiosities, most swimmingly embosomes himselfe into my acquaintance, vpon a former consideration of my alluring faculty; and in the double termes of some cob-web eloquence, blunderingly stammerd out his extreme, his extreme wants: for he had onely so much *enforc'd rhetoricke*, as to bring out those words twice, & so by chance light vpon a forry figure; then brutishly he expres'd the rest, rather by crying than speaking; (& indeed he had no more moisture else in him, than only to bewaile his owne miserie) when asking what was his request, he answer'd, that I would turne his vnpleasant rules into pleasant Verse. I straight out of the open freenes of my nature and an effuse goodnesse, preuented the repetition of his sute, by a quicke consent; there vpon set my selfe a worke, and after some trauell perform'd it: Some Trauell I say; for by the Nine *Muses*, I thinke I was about Nine Moneths in trauell with that monstrous birth. If one but consider what

splay-

ſplay-footed verſes they were, a man would ſweare, that ſome infernall hagge, not a Muſe (though vnwilling) had beene the mother of them; which vnhappy labour when I had ſhew'd vnto him, the reuiuing wretch fals on's knees, admires the worke, calls me the *Æſculapius* of his ſaluation, and with hands lifted vp, vowes to pay his vowes at the *Muſes* altar; that I now more admir'd at his admiration, than at the deformities of mine owne Worke: for, by *Ioue*, they are ſuch vnbleſt, ſuch vnluckie verſes, that, beſides the loſſe of cuſtome, which they may iuſtly procure the Author, they are able to make a man bee ſuſpected for a Coniurer; there wants nothing but a Circle to make a complete coniuration.

Fecana, Caieti, Dafenes, Hebare, Gedaco,
Gebali ſtant, non ſtant, Febas, Hebas, Hecas.

Sure I thinke it ſhould haue beene *Hecate*. Well, he enioyes them; and vpon the happineſſe of this ſucceſſe came *Grammaticus* to me with the like ſute: 'faith I did it, and caſt moſt of his Rules likewiſe into Verſe: but by *Ioue*, ſince the proud Schoolemaſter has ſhow'd himſelfe thus vngracious and ſtiffe-necked towards me, Ile bee euen with him; and now I thinke on't, there's all his *Syntaxis* yet to doe; but by this hand, if euer I turne line of it into Verſe, let me hereafter bee a meere *Heteroclite*, and the very *Aproton* of a foole *per omnes caſus*.

Actvs II. Scena VI.

PHYSIOGNOMVS. CHEIROMANTES. *The one of a greater ſtature, the other little: attir'd like Rogues, in totter'd apparell, with black faces like Gypſies; in flat round caps cloſe to their heads, without bands and girdles, with truncheons in their hands.*

PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHEIROMANTES, POETA.

LEt's ſet vpon him. The gods preſerue you Sir, from the blacke dragon of the night.

Cheir. The broad eye of the Heauens ſtill attend you Sir.

Phyſ. And grant that the ſweet Fairies may nightly put

money in your shooes Sir.

Cheir. And sweepe your house cleane Sir.

Phys. And make you the rich husband of many wiues.

Cheir. And the blest father of many children.

Phys. The gods of the night send you happy dreames.

Cheir. And that you may neuer pare your nailes vpon a Friday.

Phys. And that the horse-shooe may neuer bee pul'd from your threshold.

Cheir. And that your Stables may bee alwaies free from the queene of the Goblins.

Phys. That your nose may neuer bleed only three drops at a time.

Cheir. That a yellow Death-mould may neuer appeare vpon your hand, or any part of your body.

Phys. That you may neuer stumble at your going out in the morning.

Cheir. That you may——

Poeta. Be ridde of you Varlets. What Ægyptian darknes has seaz'd vpon your faces?

Phys. Wee are indeed frome Ægypt-land, and't please your good vrship: Brother, by *the Russian*, I thinke this is a *quier coue*, he cuts such *quier whidds*: Good Sir, if you be a *Gentry coue*, vouchsafe some small *Win*, or but a *Make*, for wee haue neither *Lowre*, nor *Libbeg*, nor *Libkin*.

Cheir. No by *Salomon*, vnlesse it be *Strommell* sometimes in a *Skipper*; wee had rather *Mawnd* then *Mill* to keepe vs from *Trining*.

Phys. Good *Gentry coue* vouchsafe vs a little *Lowre*, or some old *Duddes*, as a *Castir* or a *Commission*.

Poeta. Marry if I had a Commission, I knew what to doe with you.

Cheir. Ah, your good vrship, to couer our *Quarommes*, that our wants may not driue vs to the *Chuses*—— let me see your *Famble* good Master.

Poeta. My *Famble* Villaine? This is almost as bad as the language of *Logicus*.

Phys. Ah your good vrship! it is the *Gypsy* language: the vrship

vrſhip of the gods bleſſe your faire *Glaſiers*, and looke out with your mercifull eyne.

Cheiro. Gentle Ruler of this place, if ſo you be, vouchſafe to fauour vs in the way of truth for the gods cauſe.

Phyſ. Somewhat towards a meales meat, Well and Wiſely beſtow vpon vs, and the Go-ads reward you for't.

Cheir. Ah good Maſter well and wiſely, giue mee but an old ſheet againſt the cold, or an old Petticoat or ſmocke of my Miſtres's (Heauen ſaue her life) for my poore *Doxy*.

Phyſ. Good Sir giue but a cup of your beſt drinke well and wiſely. The gods ſaue the King and his Councell, and the gouernours of this place; you ſhall haue a faire wife Maſter, and many children.

Poeta. Ha! a faire wife and many children? how know'ſt thou that? what's thy name?

Phyſ. Phyſiognomus, good Maſter.

Poeta. And thine?

Cheir. Cheiromantes, and't like your good vrſhip.

Poeta. Phyſiognomus, and *Cheiromantes*? Why what can you doe?

Phyſ. } We can tell the will of the Heauens good Maſter;
Cheir. } we can tell your fortune, Maſter.

Poeta. My fortune? why what's my fortune?

Cheir. You ſhall haue a very faire wife.

Poeta. Shall haue? thou mean'ſt, Would haue.

Cheir. No Hiſtorie euer made mention of ſo faire a one, ſhe ſhall be as beautifull as the Starres.

Poeta. Ha! as beautifull as the Starres? and no Hiſtorie euer made mention of ſo faire a one? why that is, it ſhall not be *Hiſtoria* but *Aſtronomia*. I'me crown'd! Sirrah, you flatter mee.

Cheir. It is the decree of the gods Sir.

Poeta. Why now my dreame's out.

Cheir. You ſhall haue many children, and one of them ſhall be borne with Teeth in his head, and his name ſhalbe *Satyrico*.

Poeta. Nay, Ile beare with any misfortune in my children, ſo I may bee happy in my wife. O diuine *Aſtronomia*! why? was not this my very dreame?

Whilst Poeta *looks up earnestly,* Cheiromantes *picks his pocket, takes out a booke and a purse, and so be with* Physiognomus *departs.*

ME thought as on a shadie banke I lay,
The whilst a murm'ring Brooke did gently play
With his soft sliding waues, and did complaine
How *Astronomia* did my loue disdaine;
A Ladie, like my Loue, in Heau'n did stand,
The Sunne and Moone waiting on either hand:
And when I spake, shee Frown'd: and, when I cri'd,
Shee, with a wanton smile, scorn'd to deride.
At last the Sunne and Moone did both descend,
And vnto me, me thought, their course did bend.
But when they were drawne nigh, they both appear'd
Cole-blacke; that with the wonder I was fear'd.
They came and kiss'd me, and then suddenly
They both did vanish from my trembling eye.
The Lady then, seeming to smile, did make
A signe vnto me, and did bid me take
The Teian Poet, sweet *Anacreon*,
My individuall companion;
And in my native language to translate
His *Niobe*, and as it was her fate
To turne into a stone; so I by this
Should finde a stranger Metamorphosis:
And shee, that I did loue, should change her heart
Of stone, and by her loue release my smart.
I tooke my booke and straight translated it;
(Lines soone are pen'd when Loue doth dictate wit.)
With that me thought shee pull'd me vp vnto her,
And said; Ile now refresh thee my grieu'd wooer.
Shee pull'd me vp, and when I was eu'n crown'd
With Heau'n, shee let me fall backe to the ground.
When with the fall me thought I lost my deare
Anacreon, and that increas'd my feare.
Then with this double feare I straight awake,
And my faint ioynts with a chill horror shake.
Ile comment thus: that face that from aboue
Appear'd, was the faire image of my loue,
Bright *Astronomia*: and the darkned Sun
And Moone that graciously vouchsafe to run

From:

From their owne Sphere to kisse me, were these two
Blacke, but glad messengers, (if this be true
They doe pronounce) and therefore they were sent
From heau'n, because they knew the gods intent.
The turning of *Anacreon* doth imply
I shall obtaine her loue by Poesie.
And, ere I rose, this morne I made my quill
Expresse *Anacreons* Iõnian skill.
Verses can draw the Moone from Heau'n; then may
My lines, if blest, winne *Astronomia*.
Her letting me fall downe, was not true story,
But fein'd by enuious sleepe to make me sorry.
So was the losing my *Anacreon*:
But dearest friend, as yet thou art not gone:
No, no, my hopes and ioyes are too too great;
And these doe flatter me too much ——

He feeles in his pockets, and finds himselfe cosen'd.

But stay—O my *Anacreon*, my *Anacreon*, I haue lost my *Anacreon*: Varlets, Villaines, I'me deluded, my pockets are pickt; I haue lost my *Anacreon*: did I dreame? or did I make Verses? or was I mad? now my dreame's out, 'tis out indeed, all; for now I remember me, I left out the worst part vnexpounded, and that was their vanishing from me: well, this 'tis to be a Starre-gazer, and fall into a pit; I was thinking of *Astronomia*, when I was by promise to haue met with *Geographus*: well, Ile pursue my first intendment, and to *Geographus* for the learning of the languages; and feare ne're a cotriuall vnder Heauen, now *Mythridates*, and *Scaliger* are dead. *Exit Poeta.*

Actvs II. Scena VII.

MEDICVS, *in a Physicians gowne, a lac'd ruffe-band, a blacke Sattin suit, silke stockings, garters, roses, &c.*

MAGVS, ASTROLOGIA, MEDICVS, PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHEIROMANTES.

I, But *Medicus*, who brought you word that *Poeta* was sicke?

Medic. Why, *Historia* has sent one vnto mee, now to in-

treat me to minister vnto him my best physicke; and the messenger told me (as he heard) it seemes the occasion thereof, which was, that *Historie* who was in loue with him, hearing that he was hurt in a fray with *Lupicus* and *Grammaticus*, out of the iealous feare of her abundant loue, sent to me thus carefully, vpon the suspicion of his hurt.

Magus. Why, *Physiognomius*, did *Poeta* seeme to you, to be well?

Physiog. Yes, ifaith; or if hee were sicke 'twas more in minde than in body.

Magus. Well, *Medicus*, where's the messenger?

Medic. Why, at my house expecting my returne.

Magus. Backe then, in all haste, and by her seruant send him poyson, that if he be sicke he may die: and so one may be remou'd out of *Geometres* his way. And if the poyson chance to be discouer'd, thou maist pretend 'twas her treachery, because he does not loue her, and that thy physicke was good.

Medic. Let mee alone, I warrant you; but if I can but once come to the handling of him my selfe. Ile giue him but a clyster, & blow him vp with a Pouder, I warrant him. *Exit Med.*

Magus. But, *Physiognomius*, are you sure 'twas he? did not you mistake him?

Physiog. Faith, neither of vs knew him very well; but *Cheiromantes* has brought some testimonies from him.

Magus. What, I prethee? what?

Cheiro. Marry, Sir, a booke, and that I thinke is a signe of a Scholer; but I haue a purse too, and that, I thinke, is not a signe of a Scholer.

Magus. What's in't? what's in't?

Cheiro. Nay, Ile sweare, wee both ran since I Nimb'd it, that wee durst not be so bold yet, as to take leasure to looke in't, but now Ile see.

Magus. What's this? *Anacreon*? an old bawdy Poet? a fit companion for such a Gallant.

Cheiro. A fire burne it; here's nothing but a scuruy paper.

Magus. But a murren, how couldst thou possibly get these things from him?

Physiog. Faith, *Cheiromantes*, by the slight of the Hand did it very neatly.

Cheiro. I, 'faith, I ha' the tricke on't: for (a rapture of loue seazing on him, and casting him into an extasie) hee fell a talking to himselfe of a dreame he had: I seeing he was falne into a Dreame, perswaded my selfe he was fast asleepe; and so presumptuously diu'd into his pockets, whence I brought these spoiles.

Magus. Good, good, prethee let's see the paper.

Anacreons Niobe, or his Lyricks to his loue, beginning with the daughter of *Tantalus* or *Niobe*, thus,

Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔην
ΛΙΘΟΣ ὀφρῦσι ἐν ὄχθαις.

Translated by mee this morning vpon occasion of my celestiall vision.

Astrol. Prettie, prettie, why these Poets, they are all of them borne, I thinke, vpon Friday at the sixth houre, for then *Venus* has the dominion of the Day, and *Mars* of the Houre; now the Planet of the Day does chiefly gouerne their Actions, and the Planet of the Houre does admix a Subordinate Influence, and that's the reason that your Poets haue more of *Venus* in them than *Mars*; yet sometimes they are in combats, as lately *Poeta*: so on the other side your Warriors for the most part are borne vpon Tuesdaies at the third houre, for then *Mars* has the dominion of the Day, and *Venus* of the Houre, and therefore your Warriors haue more of *Mars* than *Venus*.

Magus. Well, let's reade them.

To his Loue.

NIOBE, *as they say, once stood*
Turn'd to a stone by Phrygian flood,
PANDIONS *daughter (so fame sings)*
Chang'd to a Swallow had swift wings.
But I a Looking-glasse would bee,
Still to be look't upon by Thee:
Or I (my Loue) would be thy Gowne,
By Thee to be worne up and downe.
Or a pure Well full to the brimmes,
That I might wash Thy purer limmes.

Or

Or I'd be precious Balme to 'Noynt
With choiseſt care each Choiseſt ioynt.
Or, if I might, I would be (faine)
About Thy necke thy happy Chaine.
Or would it were my bleſſed hap
To be the Lawne o're Thy faire Pap.
Or would I were thy Shoo to bee
Daily but Trod vpon by Thee.

Prettie, prettie, by the dimpled chin of my *Aſtrologia*, prettie; Ile giue the raſcall his *Anacreon* againe (becauſe I cannot tell what to doe with it) for this tricke, and tell him I found it, and ſo make him fall in loue with mee moſt poetically; well, my little raſcals, expect a better bootie of ſome richer bodie the next time; be gone: but be in readineſſe, there is to be a banquet at *Ethicus* his houſe, for the reconciling of *Logicus*, *Grammaticus*, and this *Poeta*, if hee can be there, and I with *Aſtrologia* are inuited thither, wherefore if there ſhould be any occaſion of imployment for you, be at hand.

Phyſiog. } Wee warrant you. *Exeunt Phyſiognomus*
Cheiro. } *& Cheiromantes.*

Magus. Now, *Aſtrologia*, take that powder, and according to my inſtructions at the banquet, ſee that *Aſtronomia* drinke it off, and I warrant her then, 'twill make her loue our more lou'd *Geometres*.

Aſtrol. Feare not, I know alreadie by the Starres 'twill take effect. *Exit Aſtrologia.*

Magus. Farewell; I muſt to *Geometres*, or elſe i'faith he'll Coniure me for ſtaying. *Exit Magus.*

ACTVS II. SCENA VIII.

POETA, GEOGRAPHVS, PHANTASTES.

FOr the learning of your languages, Sir, I muſt confeſſe, I doe highly approue of it, but I ſee no ſuch neceſſitie of trauelling, beſide the danger and expence that muſt be vndergone.

Geogr. O, Sir, I could tell you ſuch wonders, as would inflame you with a deſire. *Poet.*

Poet. As what, I pray you, Sir?

Georg. Sir, I can impart such rarities of relation vnto you, as would amaze you; and yet they are familiar to a Trauellour. In a City of Greece, I remember I saw the admired net, which *Vulcan* made to entangle *Mars* and *Venus*; and 'tis hang'd vp in a Temple dedicated to the same god, and by himselfe was giuen thereunto, to the terror of all Cuckold-makers for euer.

Poet. O strange! but, Sir, as I remember that net was inuisible.

Georg. Hum—ah—true Sir, it was inuisible, but Now Sir, it is to be seene.

Phant. Sir, I will take leaue to helpe a little my Masters memorie, not his inuention; for by *Iouo*, Sir, and by the *Artemisian Mausoleum*, which these eyes, not without amazement, haue beheld, 'tis true; thus 'twas, Sir: it can be seene by any honest man; but if any Adulterer casts his eyes towards it, he presently loses his sight, and therefore it is their manner of Triall for those that are accus'd of adulterie.

Poet. O wonderfull!

Georg. Nay, Sir, in another place of Greece there is a round, close Valley, incompassed with exceeding high Hills; only on one side there is a narrow entrance into it, and through the middest of it runnes a delicate streame, by the banke of which if a man stand, he shall as perfectly heare the Musicke of the *Spheares*, as if he were amongst them: and the cause of this, by the inhabitants is thought to be the heighth of the Hills: which keeping in the sound, and bringing it down to the water, does by an aëriall resultancy produce a most reciprocall representation of the diuine harmonie.

Poet. Oh, that I was not made a trauellour!

Georg. Nay, Sir, moreouer it is so sweet, that the hearer can neuer leaue hearing of his owne accord, but stands still.

Poet. O wonderfull! but then I pray, Sir, how does he come away?

Georg. Hum—faith I was told the deuice of that, but I haue forgot.

Phant. O, Sir, I perfectly remember it, 'twas thus: The in-

habitants haue, at the foot of the out-side of the Hill, dig'd forth an entrance, and vnderneath haue made a Vault which reaches iust to the banke of the Riuer, all along the side of which, they haue made a many trap-doores, and so when a man has heard enough, they vnbolt the trap-doores within, and let him slide downe gently.

Poet. Oh admirable! but mee thinks when the doore is open, they should heare it below likewise in the Vault, and stand still there too.

Phant. Well, Sir, by my Mothers soule (that oath I learn't in Spaine) 'tis a truth; and the reason it cannot be heard lower is, because the sound does not descend below the water.

Poet. Indeed, that's an excellent reason.

Phant. Nay, by *Ione*, Sir, I scorne to lie; I scorne to speake any thing without reason, by *Ione*, by *Ione*, Ile giue as good a reason of those things I know, as any man vnder the cope of Heauen; I will, by *Ione*.

Geogr. Why, I haue seene white beares with faces would make you fall in loue with them.

Poet. O strange! white beares! and yet indeed I haue heard that a late in *America* there are white beares, but they are most terrible.

Geogr. Nay, Sir, and these haue long tailes.

Poet. That's somewhat worth the admiration; and yet I thinke all Beares at first had long tailes, or else why should the Beare in the heauens haue one!

Geogr. 'Tis true; yet (if you marke it) 'tis broken.

Poet. O, that came thus; when *Iupiter* pull'd him vp to heauen by the taile, the weight of his body broke it, whereupon *Iupiter* caught him by the rumpe, and so eyed his taile together againe, and that is the reason of the knot in the middle of it, and so it has euer since hung slopeling downe-ward, if you marke it.

Geogr. Againe, Sir, in my trauells in *Tuscany*, I beheld a most curious peece of Architecture; it was an hall built in the forme of a crosse, that, which way soeuer the wind late, or the Sunne shin'd, a man might alwayes goe to one of the ends,

and

and ſo decline the preſent violence of the ſeaſon: and as in an arbour, vnto which the Sun has acceſſe, you ſhall ſee boughes at the top correſpondently repreſented on the ground in the ſhaddow: ſo whatſoeuer curious work was ſeene in the rooſe of this building, the ſame vnderneath was expreſt in the Floore.

Poet. I fancie the conceit prettily.

Phant. Nay, Sir; Ile tell you a wonder, wee met with a Trauellour that could ſpeake ſome ſix languages at the ſame inſtant.

Poet. How? at the ſame inſtant! that's impoſſible.

Phant. Nay, Sir, the actualitie of the performance puts it beyond all contradiction. With his tongue hee'd vowell you out as ſmooth *Italian*, as any man breathing: with his Eye he would ſparkle forth the proud *Spaniſh*: with his Noſe blow out moſt Robuſtious *Dutch*: the Creaking of his High-heel'd Shoo would articulate exact *Polonian*: The knocking of his ſhin-bones Fœminine *French*: and his Belly would grumble moſt pure and Scholer-like *Hungary*.

Poet. How? his Belly ſpeake?

Phant. Alas, that's the leaſt wonder, for at what time *Pythagoras* flouriſh'd, that was a familiar thing with his Scholers: and I may confirme it by a perſwaſiue induction drawne from your Pythoniſſes, and your new-faſhion'd Lutes that ſound from within, Sir, from within: nay, beſides all this, Sir, at the ſame time his Eares could ſing, and his Braines crow; and he could Laugh till the teares ſtood in's Eyes.

Poet. O wonderfull! wonderfull!

Geogr. If you pleaſe, Sir, now to imploy mee, not onely my Wants, but alſo my Loue ſhall make mee diligently reſpectfull.

Poet. Sir, I courteouſly accept your offered endeuours.

Geogr. Ah, deareſt *Astronomia*, 'tis for thy ſake I doe thus. *He ſpeakes this aſide to himſelfe, and Poeta ouerhearers him.*

Poet. How? for *Astronomia's*? [*hee ſpake that to himſelfe.*] Sir, I am on a ſudden leſſe well affected, wherefore pardon, I pray you, an abrupt intreating of your preſent departure, and ſome ſpeedie occaſion ſhall ſhortly offer a ſecond meeting.

Geog. Well Sir, we thanke you: *Apollo* be alwayes the Patrone of your Muse and Health.

Poet. For *Astronomia's* sake? why? is he in loue with her? (For *Astronomia's* sake!) or is hee in loue with mee? I wou'd torture my selfe, Ile expound gently; Hee's in loue with mee, and becauſe (it may be) he hearес I loue her, hee accounts (it may bee) that hee does this, that I may obtaine her: and thus (it may be) hee meanes, hee does this for Her: This is Scuruie, Maſter *Geographus*, you haue marr'd your owne Market; my ſtomacke's turn'd; I haue Tongues enow for a wiſe-man, thouſands before me haue got Wife and Children, more than they could keepe, without learning the Languages, and therefore from hence-forth, for feare of the worſt, you may, Maſter *Geographus*, (if you pleaſe) vndertake a ſecond Trauell.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

POETA in his Night-cap and Slippers, vnbutton'd and vnripſt.

POETA.

Melancholico *comes in, and layes downe his Lute and departs.*

BE not farre off.
That nothing is meere?
Nothing all-blest, but still some new desire
Brings a new torture! and this Fate does lie,
An heauie weight on all mortalitie!
It does: this was not lately my affection?
Chain'd to *Historia* by a ſtrong infection?
Did I not pule, and pine, intreat, and cry?
Pretend a ſickneſſe? threaten I would dye?
If ſhe not lou'd me? did I not act all
The frantike parts wherewith Loue does inthrall
His Rebell Subiects? Did I not looke Sad
If ſhee but Frown'd; and, if ſhe Smil'd, looke Glad?
I did; and tooke delight to be inchain'd
To her, Hope ſaid at laſt ſhee might be gain'd.
Yet let the wheele of change! I now doe ſcorne
Her teares, and how ſhe thinkes herſelfe forlorne.

Mel. Pardon my intrusion Sir, *I ſtrove* *Melancholico enters.*
Hearing you were hurt lately in a Fray,

Has

Has in her iealouſie of loue ſent here
Some Phyſicke, to preuent a greater feare.
Poeta. She ſhould haue ſent me Poyſon, for from her
I count it ſo; yet let the Meſſenger
Returne our courteous gratitude. Begon. *Exit Melancholico.*
Lo, thus vexations neuer come alone;
Well, I woun't loue her; nay, Ile hate her more
Hence-forth; ſhe plagues me worſe than before.

Enter MELANCHOLICO *and* SANGUIS.

Mel. Pardon once more, Sir, here comes ſent by her,
Medicus Seruant to adminiſter
The Phyſicke.
Poeta. —— Why, I prethee know I lacke
No Phyſicke, there 'tis, thou maiſt carry't backe.
Sanguis. The Gods forbid, Sir, this is Poyſon. Sanguis *tokes on the poyſon.*
Poeta. —— How!
Sanguis. 'Tis Poyſon, Sir.
Poeta. —— Why? it was ſent but now
From my Loue-ſicke *Hiſtoria.*
Sanguis. —— So 't may be:
They 'ue chang'd my Maſters Phyſicke.
Poeta. —— Oh to ſee,
The Treacherie of women! well, conceale
The fact as yet; iuſt time ſhall all reueale.

Exeunt MELANCHOLICO *and* SANGUIS.

O Women, Witches, Monſters, Furies, Deuills,
The impure extract of a World of euills!
Natures great Errour; the obliquitie
Of the Gods Wiſdome; and th' Anomalie
From all that's good; I'le curſe you all below
The Center, and if I could, then further throw
Your curſed heads, and if any ſhould gaine
A place in Heau'n, Ile rime 'em downe againe
To a worſe ruine; yet me thinkes I heare
How *Aſtronomia* whiſpers in mine eare,
And begs a Pardon for them; well I ſe thee
I'l yeeld, thou ſtand'ſt about mine actions.

A ſpire, my gentle *Muſe*, inflame my breſt;
Then thus my graceſull loue ſhall be expreſt.
Her Brow is like a braue *Heroicke* line,
That does a ſacred Maieſtie inſhrine.
Her Noſe *Phaleuciake*-like in comely ſort
Ends in a *Trochie*, or a long and ſhort.
Her Mouth is like a prettie *Dimeter*;
Her Eie-browes like a little-longer *Trimeter*.
Her Chinne is an *Adonicke*, and her Tongue——
Is an *Hypermeter*, ſomewhat too-long.
Her Eies, I may compare them vnto two
Quick-turning *Dactyles*, for their nimble View.
Her Necke *Aſclepiad*-like turnes round about
Behind, before a little bone ſtands out.
Her Ribs like Staues of *Sapphicks* doe deſcend
Thither, which but to name were to offend.
Her Armes like two *Iambicks* rais'd on hie,
Doe with her Brow beare equall Maieſtie.
Her Legs like two ſtrait *Spondees*, keep a pace
Slow as two *Seazons*, but with ſtately grace.

Thankes to my *Muſe*; yet why doe I admire
Her thus, whom I enioy but by deſire?
For more I neuer ſhall; this is my weight
Of griefe, and this my preordained Fate.
He takes vp his Lute. Come, come, thou part of Heau'n, companion
Of all my woes and loues, thou that alone
Doſt in the mid'ſt of ſorrowes yeeld releeſe,
And though not take away, make leſſe my griefe.

He playes on his Lute, then leaues off, and ſpeakes againe.

My deareſt Lute, *Apollo's* beſt inuention
Wherewith he does compoſe the wilde diſſention
Of our vntun'd deſires, which would confound
Vs quite, but that they breake forth with a ſound!
Sighs from our breſts are like ſounds from thy wombe,
Borne dead, and buri'd in an aëre Tombe.
Sigh then to *Cupid* tell him he's too blame
Not raiſing in my loue a mutuall flame.

He playes on his Lute, and leaving off, cals to his man
MELANCHOLICO.

Ho, *Melancholico.*

Mel. —— Here Sir.

Poeta. —— Begon.

Mel. Did you not call me Sir?

Poeta. —— Sirrah, begon.

He playes a little on his Lute, and then cals MELANCHOLICO *againe.*

Ho, *Melancholico,*

Mel. —— Sir.

Poeta. Dance, I say.

Dance.

Mel. —— I can't.

Poeta. —— Sirrah, dance that which I play.

He playes the Antique on his Lute, and MELANCHOLICO *dances, then abruptly leaving off, he speakes to him.*

Begon: { MELANCHOLICO *continues dancing.* } Sirrah, begon.

[*He playes againe on his Lute, and suddenly leaving off, throwes it away.*

—— Away, away;
Charmer, Inchanter, tis a truth to say;
Our bodies cast their shapes into the Ayre,
And can appeare when they are gon; so rare
Philosophers haue held, and so I hold:
Pardon, great *Astronoma*, I was bold,
Too bold, I doe confesse, but my dimme sight
Could not before behold thee though so bright.
But now mine eyes are clear'd; on my bow'd knee,
I take a Pardon of thy Maiestie.
Pardon thy Poet, and vouchsafe this grace,
That thy rich beauties he may thus embrace.
And now, deare Loue, adde hereunto one kisse,
And then thou shalt inhearse my soule with blisse.
Mars, thy Riddle's solu'd: I thus vnbind
The knot, which thou didst knit, more with my

He saines Astronomia to be present, sals on his knees, embraces and kisses the ayre: then rises.

Die quibus in terris (& ait mihi magnus APOLLO)
Tres pateat Cœli ſpatium (non amplius) vlnas?
Maro, 'tis here; here's *Aſtronomia*;
Here's Heau'n clos'd in thoſe narrow limits; nay,
Here's Deitie, the obiect of all loues, ——
Enough to make a thouſand Heau'ns of *hearts*.
He thinkes he ſees her aſcending into Heauen.
See, ſee, how ſhe aſcends! mount, mount, great Queene
Of Heau'n, and in full luſtre be thou ſeene
Mortalities amazement; ſee, ſhe's gone
To mount yet higher to a ſtately Throne,
Plac'd on the Azure pauement of the Starres,
Guarded by Dayes, Monthes, Houres, then ſees the warres
Of *Pygmie*-mortals ——. *Enter* MELANCHOLICO.
Mel. ——Sir, here's *Ethicus*
Is come, and ſayes hee'd ſpeake with you.
Poeta. —— With vs?
Admit him in. *Exit Melancholico. Enter* ETHICVS.
Ethicus. —— Hay! ſcarce dreſt yet! how ſo?
Poeta. What? comes your froward age to chide vs?
Ethicus. —— No.
But to inuite you to a Feaſt, my ſelfe your friend,
Deſirous of your peace, to ſet an end
To your contentions with *Grammaticus*
And *Logicus*, to night doe purpoſe thus
To make you friends.
Poeta. But ——
Ethicus. —— Nay, no buts: Be there.
Poeta. I will.
Ethicus. —— Why thanke: Welcome ſhall be your cheere.
Exit Ethicus.
Poeta. Well then, Ile in and dreſſe me, and ſo come,
Yet better twere perchance you had my roome. *Exit Poeta.*

Actus II. Scena II.

GEOMETRES, MAGVS.

I But Sir, can it be lawfull to deale with ſpirits?
Magus. Whilſt you are onely a *Geometrician*, it is lawfull

full for you to deale only with bodies: but if you will vndertake Our Superiour facultie, 'tis not onely lawfull, but most honourable; why Sir, 'tis one of the greatest gifts of the gods to haue command ouer Spirits; but for the approbation of it, you may only looke backe vnto the antiquitie thereof, which is drawne from more than eight hundred yeares before the Siege of *Troy*, in the time of *Agonaces*, and of the renowned *Zoroaster* a King of the *Bactrians*, who described the high Mysterie of this Diuine Science in an hundred thousand verses; after these there flourished *Iobeth*, *Toluscol*, *Zamolxis*, whose admired fame was afterwards emulated by *Almadal*, *Alchindus*, and *Hipocus*, *Arabians*; *Apuscorus*, *Zuratus*, and *Cobares*, *Medians*: *Marmaridius*, a *Babylonian*; *Zarmocenidus*, an *Assyrian*; *Abbaris*, an *Hyperborean*; *Thespetior*, an *Æthiopian*; *Arnuphis*, an *Ægyptian*: *Theurgus*, a *Chaldean*: with these I may recite *Cambyses*, *Zamares*, *Charondas*, *Demagorgon*, *Gobrias*, *Arbatel*, *Apollonius*, *Gog*, *Hostanes*, *Atyr*, *Choasites*——

Geom. Good Sir, doe not coniure.

Magus. No Sir, these are nothing but the names of the Sacred Professours of this Diuine Science.

Geom. I but it may be Sir, they had coniuring names.

Magus. Alas, Sir! 'tis not so easie a matter to worke effectually in our Sacred Science, as most men thinke it is, and as I will most manifestly declare vnto you; for this is a rule, you must be first an Absolute Astrologian; vpon which fundamentall Supposition I thus proceede: before you can obtaine the knowledge of Astrologie, you must be a most Grounded Philosopher, a sound Physician, and an exquisite Mathematician; by the helpes of which Sciences you shall know the courses of the Starres; the number of the Orbs; your Poles; the Circles; the Verticall and Pedall points; the Azimuth or Verticall Circle; the Almicantarath or Circles of Altitude; the Concentricitie and Excentricitie of the Orbs; the Ascendent, and Descendent Knots, or Syndesmes, that Cut the Ecliptike; your Orbs Æquant, Epicyclicall, and Deferent of the Apogeum, and Perigeum, or of the Highest and Lowest Absis; the Planetarie Aspects, or Configurations, either Right

as Coniunction and Oppoſition, or Collaterall as Sextile, Quadrate, and Trine; the Direct motion of the Planets, their Retrogradation and Station; then Sir, your Aſtrologie is either Canonicall for the Influence of the Starres, or Thematicall for the Erection of a Scheme of the Heauens, wherein is to bee knowne the Order of the Domicils, and the Inſcription. Then there is your Iudiciarie, which is either Genethliacall, or Catholike inſtructing in predictions, either Idiomaticall or Symptomaticall; the eight and twentie Manſions of the Moone; the Symbolization of Occult qualities in Herbs, with the Planets; Signacles, Pentacles, Planetarie Suffumigations, Vnctions, Phylters, Rings, Alligations, Suſpenſions; the twelue Scales of the Numbers; the Duodenarie Scale, either Cabaliſticall or Orphicall; the Characters, Seales, and Bands of Spirits----

Geom. You'l giue me all this in writing Sir; wou'n't you?

Magus. Yes Sir, yes. Then are there diuers kinds of your Magicke, as Necromancie, Anthropomancie, Gaſtromancie, Cheiromancie, Coſcinomancy,-----

Geom. I pray, doe you your ſelfe know how many there are in all?

Magus. Sir, One and twentie. Ile begin them ouer againe, if you will: Necromancie, Anthropomancie----

Geom. Nay, good Sir hold, we haue enough already: But I perceiue you Magicians haue admirable memories to get hard words by heart; I marueil you doe not turne Dictionarie makers: Why? I warrant there's no hard word but you can tell the meaning on't: you'd put all their noſes out of ioynt quite.

Magus. I, and put them out of their wits, if wee liſt: But then, Sir, to know the Spirit of Euerie Day, and Houre; his Name, Power, and Legions vnder him, his Forme of appearing; whether like a Dragon, or an Horſe, or a Wolfe, or a flame of fire; the Region whence he comes; the Gift hee beſtowes, whether Learning, Riches, Beautie; his Name, his Characters: theſe, theſe, are the wonders, the amazements of our Spirituall Science; Spirituall I may iuſtly call it, ſince euerie Art receiues an Excellencie from its Obiect: and yet (alas!)

I con-

I confesse, I am but young in it yet, and haue scarce serued a prentice-ship in it, if it may bee call'd a seruitude, wherein there is such Freenesse, and Emanation of spirit in such exquisite knowledge; nay, Dominion ouer Spirits.

Geom. Young say you? marry, I thinke you are absolutely grounded in it, that can know all these Mysteries; ah, were it the will of the gods, I had but halfe of this skill, I'de giue all that I haue, and get more as I could; but can you doe all these Wonders?

Magus. Farre stranger, farre stranger; most amazing transformations; why, there was *Apuleius* so skilfull in this Art, that he turn'd himselfe into an Asse, and *Lucian* was turn'd into an Asse, before he studi'd it.

Geom. O strange! but can a Spirit giue Learning?

Magus. Oh, there was *Hermolaus Barbarus*, when he studied Philosophie, and lesse understood any place, hee would call vp a Spirit to instruct him; so the famous *Cardans* father carryed one alwaies in a Ring on his finger; and *Agrippa* had his Dogge with a Characteriz'd Collar.

Geom. But can you by your Art, tell mee whether or no I shall haue *Astronomia*?

Magus. Any thing.

Geom. How?

Magus. Why, I can doe it by Coscinomancie.

Geom. What's that?

Magus. By the turning of a Siue.

Geom. But I haue heard, that's onely for things stolne.

Magus. Ah, 'tis more generall, and that you shall see; stay here, Ile but step forth. *Exit Magus.*

Geom. Well, this is the man whom the Heauens haue ordain'd to make me happie; O *Venus*, be fauourable vnto me, and Ile build thee a fayrer Temple than euer the *Ephesians* directed to *Diana*. MAGVS *enters.*

Magus. Come Sir, here are Sheeres and a Siue, I must fasten the Sheeres? now doe as I bid you; Hold vp the side of the Sheeres with your finger. *(he puts the wrong finger)* Nay, come, your middle-finger: So; now must I say a mysticall forme of powerfull words, and then name those that wee sus-

pect shall haue her; and amongst them name you also; and at whose name the Siue turnes, he shall haue her.

Geom. If it do's not turne at mine, I shall die: 'pray make it turne at mine.

Magus. Nay, then it must goe for nothing, for it must turne of its owne accord. Be silent now. *Dies mies, Ieschet, bene doesset, Dowima, Enitemaus.* Who shall haue *Astronomia?* Shall *Poeta?* (*It stands still.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia?* Shall *Logicus?*

Geom. Hee's not in loue with her, Sir; 'pray doe not you put in him too.

Magus. O vile! peace; now must I begin againe: *Dies mies, Ieschet, Bene doesset, Dowima, Enitemaus.* Who shall haue *Astronomia?* Shall *Poeta?* (*It stands still.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia?* Shall *Logicus?* (*It stands still.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia?* Shall *Geographus?* (*It moues a little.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia?* Shall *Geometres?* (*It turnes round.*) Shall he obtaine her by Coniuration? (*It stands still.*) Shall hee obtaine her by Medicine? (*It moues a little.*) Shall hee obtaine her by Fascination? (*It turnes round.*)

Geometres *falls downe on his knees, and embraces* Magus *his knees.*

Geom. *Magus*, what's mine is yours, goods, life, soule, and all: *Venus*, thy temple shall be a mile in length; thy Image in't shall be greater than the Colossus at Rhodes; it shall bee all white Marble: The temple at Millaine shall looke like pale-fac'd tallow to it; it shall haue as many pillars, as there are houres in the yeare, and as many windowes as there are minutes; and the Spire shall be higher than Tenariffe, or the Tower of Babylon by eightscore Measured furlongs at the least. *Magus*, I haue enough, I haue enough.

Magus. Nay but, Sir, you must Measure your ioy; diuers haue died with ouer-much reioycing, and so may you; and then you'd both breake your vow to the Goddesse, and lose your Loue besides.

Geom. You say true.

Magus. Besides, you must vse a meanes you see, Fascination; which you shall vse at the Banquet, which (you know) we are inuited vnto.

Geom. Nay, let mee alone for looking on her; Ile looke thorow

thorow her, and thorow her; and make her a Perspective, as I am Solid.

Magus. Besides, there was a little mouing, you saw, at the name of *Geographus*: to signifie hee will bee faire for her too. And againe, there was a little mouing at the word *Medicine*, and therefore that must bee vs'd too: but for that take you no care.

Geom. Well, you learned men put so many doubts—but I care not, I shall haue her in the end: come, 'tis enough, now let's goe.

Magus. Measure your ioy, I say.

Geom. Thou'rt mine, thou'rt mine, *Astronomie*, I'me in Heau'n already; *Geographie* may goe trauell againe, and *Poeta*, in stead of Bayes, may goe weare a Willow-garland.

Magus. Come, let's in. *Exeunt Geometres & Magus.*

ACTVS III. SCENA III.

LOGICVS, RHETORICA.

MArry, and I bee thus troubled with you when you woo me, and seeke to please; what should I expect and wee were married once?

Rhet. Nay, dearest *Logicus*, let not the excellencie of your reason bee so severe, but that it may admit a gracious apprehension of a smiling loue; let not the exactnes of your wisdome be so regulated, but that it may expresse a courteous acceptance of a Louers admiration; let not——

Log. Nay, and you once fall to Set speeches, I am gone; I perceiue you are not for common talke; I wonder, now I thinke on't, In what Prædicament a womans tongue is; let's see: yet, what if I make it a Transcendent? and yet it can't be so, for 'tis neither *vnum*, nor *verum*, nor *bonum*: faith, and't bee in any Prædicament, it shall bee in *Quantitate Continua*, and that's opposite to *Discreta*; or rather, since 'tis so irregular, and therefore can hardly bee admitted into any Order, I will count it that Monster in Nature, and Contradiction of Philosophie, *Infinitum in actu*.

Rhet. Why lo, now your selfe has made a set speech; and

thus, whilst you Reprehend, you Offend: whilst you Direct, you Neglect: whilst you Reforme, you Deforme: whilst you—

Log. Hey day! this is tick-tack: Here's another shorter tricke: well, I perceive there's no other course——which is your way?

Rhet. Which is your way?

Log. Doe you speake first.

Rhet. Nay, doe you speake first, you are the better Man.

Log. Why, mine lies this way.

Rhet. Why so does mine; weele goe together.

Log. I, But I must go this way to doe a little businesse first.

Rhet. Why so must I.

Log. But I must walke here alone a little to thinke on't first.

Rhet. Why, and I must walke here alone a little first.

Log. Why, then fare you well; I can thinke on my busines by the way.

Rhet. Why, and I can very well thinke on my businesse by the way.

Log. Why, you wou't follow me? I am going to a Feast.

Rhet. Why, and I am going to a Feast.

Log. I am going to *Ethicus*.

Rhet. Why, and I am going to *Ethicus*.

Log. O you gods! which of you will come to deliver me? Well, if we must together, and if you will sticke so close vnto me: yet, good Mistris Tongue, doe not cleave to the roofe of my Mouth.

Rhet. No, no; your lippe is all that I desire.

Exeunt Logicus & Rhetorica.

Actus III. Scena III.

Musica at one doore: Geographus and Phantastes at another.

Geog. Ara, ding de ding, ding de ding, tan, tan, dan dido.

Geog. How now my nimble Crotchet? who was the first Fiddle-maker?

Mus. That's a question, Sir.

Geog. Why, for that reason I propos'd it.

Mus.

Muſ. Why, for the reaſon you might haue propos'd much ſy more.

Geog. I, but Anſwer.

Muſ. I, but I muſt know firſt, 'tis a great contempt

Geog. What then was the firſt kinde of Inſtrument

Muſ. Why, that's as hard.

Geog. Why, I can tell.

Muſ. What?

Geog. An Harpe.

Muſ. I, but you're deceiu'd, I rather thinke 'twas a Bagge-pipe.

Geog. A Bag-pipe? why prethee?

Muſ. Why? marry, firſt vnderſtand this reaſon, and then Ile ſhew you: You know euery Art hath drawne his imitation from Nature, and labours to perfect it; which it doth by finding comforts to preſerue it: Muſicke then at the firſt was found out as an antidote againſt griefe; and by this marke, when men were grieued, they cried *Oh*, and there was one Note: then *Hey-ho*, there were two Notes more. So when they laught, they obſerv'd three more by *Ha, ha, he*. Theſe being firſt ioyn'd together, and afterwards variably mixt, were the firſt harmonie to voice, which being reported vnto grieued minds, were as it were a precious inluding of their ſorrowes; and theſe by obſeruation were after-wards reduc'd to inſtrument.

Geog. I conceiue, *Muſeus*.

Muſ. Thus, men perceiuing that theſe notes were conceiu'd in the bellie, and afterwards, (as it were) form'd in the paſſage of the throat, ſowed Leather in the forme of a Bellie, or bagge; and with a Reed made a long Nicke vnto it, and a Winde-pipe; which when they blew full of winde, and perceiu'd it gaue no ſound, they cut many holes in the ſeame to let it out, and then alternately ſtopping the holes, they found an admirable varietie of harmony; and as the holes ſerue for diſtinction of notes in a Winde-inſtrument, ſo doe your frets on a String'd-inſtrument.

Geog. Indeed I thinke this a much fitter ſimile then the voice was before the inſtrument, or the Winde-inſtrument before the

ſtring'd.

ding'd. But then how came your Trumpet vp?

Muſ. Why, on this manner: When *Triton* came to helpe the gods in the Warres of the Gyants, he wanted a weapon, and finding the ſhell of a Fiſh, he did blow in't, which yeelded a moſt hideous noiſe: the Gyants thinking it had beene ſome terrible beaſt, fled away affrighted; and now by a perfecting imitation, men haue alter'd both the matter, and the forme of that Inſtrument.

Georg. Nay, I doe believe there is a great vertue in Muſicke.

Muſ. O Sir, 'tis your onely medicine of the minde.

Georg. Indeed I thinke ſo, and that's the reaſon, 'tis likely, why *Apollo* is the god both of Muſicke and Phyſicke: and now I remember it, in our place where we came, in our trauells, there were no Phyſicians, but all their ſicke folks were cur'd by Muſicke; where was it, *Phanteſie*? I haue quite forgotten it.

Phant. Why 'twas in *Creet* Sir, where *Iupiter* was nurſ'd, and the Muſicke was made with thoſe Kettle-drums, which they ſounded to drowne the crying of *Iupiter*, when he was in his ſwathe-bands: in reward of which loue, hee procur'd of *Apollo* in the fauour of the Cretians, that at the ſound of thoſe Kettle-drummes all ſicke folkes, whoſe time of death was not come, ſhould without any languiſhing ſickneſs immediately recouer; and therefore the order is, when any one is ſicke, they carry him preſently in a Litter to the Temple where theſe Drums are kept; and if hee does not ſtraight-way recouer, they carry him home againe, as a man that muſt dye, and ſo prouide for his future eſtate.

Muſ. Where is this Sir? in *Creet*?

Phant. Yes, in *Creet*.

Muſ. I, but I haue heard, the Cretians are mightie liars.

Phant. Vpon the Faith of a Trauellour, the Honeſtie of a Courtier, and the Word of a Gentleman, 'tis a moſt confirm'd truth.

Muſ. Indeed theſe three are much about one value.

Georg. Well, *Muſica*, I could talke with thee all day——

Phant. I and all night too.

Georg. But I cannot ſtay now; I'me afraid they ſtay for me

at

at the banquet. Is thy Mistris there?

Music. Yes, I thinke, by this time.

Geogr. Well, faire well till anon: you'll bring vs at supper? wouns you?

Music. Yes, yes; I'me going for Musike. *Exit Gregina.*

Phan. Come, my precious Pigeon, let's bill a little, if possible, *Phantastes* and *Musica* should meet, and not misse on a kisse?---now farewell. *Exit Phantastes.*

Music. Ah these Countesses lye continually lip'd: but I must goe fetch the Musike. To ra ding de ding, ding de ding, hah, tew dun diddo. *Exit Musica.*

Actus III. Scæna V.

ETHICVS, GEOMETRES, LOGICVS, POETA, GRAMMATICVS, MAGVS, ASTRONOMIA, ARITHMETICA, RHETORICA, ASTRO-LOGIA, CHOLER.

WElcome, welcome, all of you, 'good faith, I'me e'en young againe, to see such a jolly company of my friends together: but, passion o' me! why, *Oeconoma?*

Oecon. I, I, presently, presently, wee're making all haste wee can.

Erhic. Ah, there's a good huswife, neither meat och'able, nor cloth laid, nor any thing in a readinesse. Good friends pardon vs, wee are somewhat vnmannerly to make you stay thus; wee'll talke till supper is seru'd in; but where's *Geographus?* *Enter* GEOGRAPHVS *and* PHANTASTES. Oh here is; welcome, welcome.

Geogr. Thanks, courteous *Ethicus*---saue you gallants---faire Ladies.---

Ethic. *Phantastes*, and *Choler*, [*Exeunt* VNO CVM] and thou *Musica*, now thou art come, be a little forward to make a supply for our backwardnesse, and step in to my wife to help out supper quickly: (*Exeunt Phantast. Choler, & Musica*) why 'tis well, 'tis well, now 'tis as it should be, all friends, all friends: but where's *Historia?*

Rhet. *Historia?* why, aske *Poeta.*

H. *Poet.*

Poet. Mee?

Rhet. I, you; they say shee's sicke of loue.

Ethic. Poeta, where's your man *Melancholico*?

Poet. Faith, when I was comming hither, hee was in a dump, and therefore I thinking him not fit to come to a banquet, left him behind me; and indeed there's his fault, hee will not commonly be merry in company.

Ethic. Logicus, where's your man *Phlegmatico*?

Logic. Faith, as I was comming, my Sloueter was at his Tobacco, but I thinke, I made him smoke for his labour, and so would not let him come, for hee would nothing but haue sprawl'd in your roome, and haue turn'd your stomakes.

Phantastes, Choler, Musica, *bring in Supper.*

Choler. Well, remember this *Phantastes.*

Phant. What?

Choler. That you carry in the march-pane and not I, but Ile——

Phant. What? amn't I the better man?

Choler. Would supper were done: I'd bumme you.

Gaug. What's the matter?

Phant. Why, Sir, he's angrie that I brought in the marchpane.

Phantastes, Choler, Musica, *goout again.*

Gaug. Come, be mannerly.

Gram. Why, sirrah, *Choler*, will you still be quarrelling?

Ethic. You should let him be my man a little; faith I should be as froward as he; we two should haue a bickering ones a day. (*Choler* & *Phant.* *they come in with more seruice.*

Chol. I would supper were done once for your sake.

Gram. Why, sirrah, are you still grumbling?

Oecon. Come, friends, you are all welcome, we haue made you stay here too long for a little sorry cheere; come husband will you place the guests?

Ethic. Sit downe, you know your places; sit downe: (*they all sit downe*) wife, bid them welcome.

Oecon. You are all heartily welcome, heartily welcome.

Ethic. Why, *Musica*, where are the Musicians?

Music. Here, Sir, here.

Ethic. Come on, play, feed your eares, whilst we feed our bellyes.*

The musike playes; Geographus drinks to Astronomia; she to Geometres; hee to Arithmetica; shee to Astrologus; shee drinks to Astronomia; then privily casts in a powder: which being done, Phantastes sings.

Phant. Mayst state
Mayst power of fate
Which you first Assembly!
You were like Gods,
If you fell not at odds,
And did not your selves envy,
But when pride and lust set you by the eares,
It made us to laugh
And raine;
Till your gold did wax
Too long in thee,
And brave vs in vain again.

Then learne of me
Thou wise to bee
To bane a-yeelding minde;
With weather-cocks act
To play well your part
And turne with each breath would
So you shall approach
Escape all contention
And obtain
So you shall possesse
And never endure
Th' affliction of Learning.

Grammaticus hermes'd fresh
His Mirth moved
Where Musique and Time doe meet;
Where the Piper dies, there
A meere deafe eare is
All melodie pleased mens fancies;
The head of his
Amaze
Where he wrote in the sand;
To never debate the braines

Jove a Traine by
Pan
Dance only night
Fire fed by spirits
As if the soft
Whereall we
Thou
And triple

Ethic. Here, *Logicus*, you shall drinke to *Poeta*

Logic. I accept your Proposition, Sir, *Poeta*, to our Conclusion to our former differences, and to make us plus Poe- most friendly, most conciliate, I drinke to you. *He drinkes.*

Poet. With the most ingenuous freedome of a Poet; I accept it: *Grammaticus*, that our conclusion of differencing in love, may make a *Tragike-Comedie*, I drinke to you. *He drinkes.*

Gram. I present to you, Sir, I drink pure all for me: *Amongst* in the *prater-plu-perfect Tense*, and am glad of this happy Conjunction, and that we are all brothers in such a merry *Mood*: but by the way, my Masters, these *Nouns Adiectives* of the Feminine gender, sit all this while under the table. *Astron.*

Astron. In truth, *Grammaticus*, I am sodainly like to pledge you: I pledge *Astrologia* then now, and I am no since halfe *He offers to drinke to Astronomia.*

Gram. Arithmetica ——

Arith. If you Count again, you shall find that I drunk last.

Gram. Rhetorica, here's to moysten your eloquent tongue.

Rhet. An eloquent tongue is neuer drie, *Astrologia* will pledge you for me.

Gram. Astrologia——

Astrol. In troth I haue been drinking my Belly full of *Nectar*; but iust now, my thoughts were vpon the present Coniunction of *Mars* and *Venus*.

Poet. Why how now, *Grammaticus*! who doe you drinke to? faith thou art now a *Nouns Substantiue* indeed, for thou standst alone by thy selfe, without being ioyn'd to any of these *Adiectiues*.

Gram. Nay, doe not you iest.

Poet. What? dost thou make a Iester of me?

Mag. Nay, I Coniure you both; by our present meeting, that you goe not out of the Circle of harmelesse mirth.

Poet. Me thinks I see a Direct line passe from the Eye of *Geometres* to *Astronomia*.

Mag. Nay, will you, *Poeta*? you make *Astronomia* blush.

Poet. Some *Aqua vitæ*, I say, for *Geometres*.

Mag. Why, *Poeta*?

Poet. Why, hee's a dying I thinke, his eyes are fixt in's head already.

Mag. It may be, *Poeta*, you measure *Geometres* his lookes by your owne.

Poet. Me thinke I see a Direct line passe from the Eye of *Geometres* to *Astronomia*.

Astron. I'm ou'r stifled, I doe not vse to be in such a close Roome, I loue the Open Aire.

Ogeom. Alas! *Astronomia*'s extreme ill. *Exeunt Astronomia & Oecumene.*

Ethic. Friends, you are all heartily welcome, rest you here I pray, and weele in with her. *Exit Ethicus.*

Mag. *Astrologia*, follow her, and see you be neuer from her all the while shee's sicke.

Astrol. I fawth is illustrous chance in the starres, for as *Mars* and *Venus* were sporting, they were beheld by the rest of the enuious gods. *Exit.*

Rhet. Ile in too, to sit and Talke with her, whiles shee's

ſicke. *Exit Rhetorica.*

Arith. Ile in too, that I may——

Geogr. Be made ſit downe againe.

Muſic. Alas, my Miſtris!

Geogr. Shee did not looke well.

Muſic. *Aſtronomia* ſicke? then all the Heauen's awry, and my Muſike's quite out of tune. *Exit Muſica.*

Geogr. 'Twas, I feare me, a fit of an Ague.

Mag. *Aſtronomia* in a fit of an Ague? I neuer vnderſtood the *Motus trepidationis* of the Heauen before.

Geogr. Muſicians, depart the roome. *The Muſicians go out.*

Poet. By *Ioue* I come to be merry, and I will be merry. Here's an health to *Aſtronomia.* *He drinks.*

Geog. Here's an health to *Aſtronomia.* *He drinks.*

Geom. Here's an health to *Aſtronomia.* *He drinks.*

Poet. Sir, you wrong vs all, not to take off your full meaſure.

Geom. Oh, Sir, they that drinke with Meaſure, drinke without Meaſure.

Arith. I, indeed, for they that Number their cups, commonly Multiply their cups.

Poet. He loues not *Aſtronomia*, that does not pledge her a whole one.

Geom. Well, becauſe 'tis to her. Ile doo't. *He drinks.*

Logic. I can't drinke.

Gram. Nor I.

Mag. Nor I.

Arith. You woun't, I know, require it of me.

Poet. Well, and you woun't, here's to you that will: A ſecond health to *Aſtronomia.* *He drinks.*

Geogr. A ſecond health to *Aſtronomia.* *He drinks.*

Geom. A ſecond health to *Aſtronomia.* *He drinks.*

Poeta. By *Ioue* I muſt be merry, and I will be merry; can you ſing?

Geogr. } Beginne, wee'll follow.
Geom. }

Poet. Hiue ar you then.

Fill up my bowle to the brim. a
That my lips in wine may swim-a,
That my Muse may flow
And the world may it know:
Fill up my bowle to the brimme-a.

Poeta. } simul. That my Muse may flow,
Geog. } And the world may it know;
Geom. } Fill up my bowle to the brimme-a.

Geog. Hee's a pure cosmi swagger,
Carouse and yet keepe sagger,
But be soberly drunke
And chastly bestow his punke:
Hee's a pure cosmi swagger.

Geog. } simul. But be soberly drunke
Geom. } And chastly bestow his punke:
Poeta. } Hee's a pure cosmi swagger.

Geom. O my Iacobs staffe is broken,
My Compasses did slide,
My Ruler first shooke
O my Iacobs staffe is broken.

Geom. } simul. My Compasses did slide,
Geog. } My Ruler first shooke
Poeta. } O my Iacobs staffe is broken.

Poeta. Come kisse, come kisse, my Corinna,
And fill that flaxe wee'l bestow-a,
That our soules so may meet
In our lippes, while they greet:
Come kisse, come kisse, my Corinna.

Poeta. } simul. That our soules so may meet
Geog. } In our lippes, while they greet:
Geom. } Come kisse, come kisse, my Corinna.

Poeta. Here's an health to *Astronomia*.

Geog. Here's an health to *Astronomia*.

Geom. Here's an health to *Astronomia*. Prethee *Poeta* doe thou sing a Catch alone, and wee'l sing the Close with thee.

Poeta. A match, hay boyes.

THe blacke Iacke
The merry blacke Iacke
As this toss in hand
Goes round
Flowes,
Till at last they fall to blowes,
And make their noddles cry-a.

Poeta } simul. ——Growes,
Geogr. } Flowes,
Geom. } Till at last they fall to blowes,
And make their noddles cry-a.

The browne bloke,
The merry browne bloke,
As this toss in hand
Goes round about
Fill
Still
Let the world say what it will
And drinke your drinke all out-a.

Poeta. } simul. ——Fill
Geog. } Still
Geom. } Let the world say what it will
And drinke your drinke all out-a.

Poeta. *The deepe Canne*
The merry deepe Canne
As thou dost freely quaffe a
Sing.
Plunge.
Be as merry as a King
And sound a lufty laugh-a.

Poeta. } *Sing.*
Geogr. } *sound.* *Plunge.*
Geom. } *Be as merry as a King*
And sound a lufty laugh-a.

Poeta. Here's an health to *Astronomia*, *He drinks.*

Geogr. Faith, I can drinke no more, *Poeta.*

Geom. Nor I.

Poeta. How? not pledge me? *Choler*, fil the bowle againe: by *Ioue*, not pledge me? pledge me, pledge me, *Geographus*: for by *Ioue*——

Geogr. What?

Poeta. I will drinke with thee, and I will sing with thee, and I will fight with thee.

Magus. Nay, 'pray let's haue no fighting.

Poeta. By *Ioue*, I will drinke with thee, I will sing with thee, and I will fight with thee.

Geogr. By *Ioue* you're almost sont.

Poeta. By *Ioue* (*He drinks*) you lowsie-shirted rogue, you sit aboue mee? did not you begge entertainment of me tother day?

Geogr. Sleepe, sleepe, *Poeta*. *Exit Geographus.*

Phant. A rope of a drunken foole; I'ue lost my supper by this: I must follow my Master. *Exit Phant.*

Poet. Ten-toes, I know you're a good footman; Come, *Geometres*, I hope you'll sit squarely to it still.

Geom. Nay, if I cannot Rule others, I will Rule my selfe. *Exit Geometres.*

Arith. And if *Geometres* depart, *Arithmetica* will be none of the Number. *Exit Arith.*

Poet. Farewell, Hostesse; we shall be sure to haue no reckoning now *Arithmetica*'s gone: and yet Ile pay you somewhat, Clinch-fist. (*Hee beats Logicus, and ouer-turnes the Table; then falls on Grammaticus, and Choler.*) Hay tables! Hay!

Logic. Well, you drunken rogue, Ile haue an Oppositon for

for you before *Polites*, that you shall not be able to Answer to.

Exit Logicus.

Poet. Farewell block-head: now *pa-da-gog*, *pa-da-gog*: I must say my Part to you too.

Grano. I, but, I can't stay to Heare you now.

Poet. Choler, wil not you fight for your Master, valiantly?

Choler. No, I thanke you, Sir, your moysture does allay my heat.

Exit Choler.

Poet. Are you all gone? then, *Apparent vi unum sumus qui purgite vastæ*, I am King, I am King: by *Tantalus* I am as drie as an Horse. O, some drinke, some drinke.

He sals downe and sleepes, Magus shames him.

Mag. Alte dormis, Priap, Cloto, Lachesis, Eyssus, Chaos, Fors, Pax, Cassor, Prax, Melchior, Max, Balthasar, Tmax, Admax, Galbes, Galbat, Galdes, Galdat, Hax, pax, max, alte dormis.

Poeta snores: Magus waues his rod ouer him, and runnes round about him.

Dragons fly swiftly.

O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho; O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

ACTVS III. SCENA VI.

MAGVS, PHYSOGNOMVS, CHEIRO-MANTES, POETA.

Omnes. O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Dancing about Poeta.

They get leasure to about him, saying this charme.

Magus. *YEe gods that dwell*
In darkest cell
Of lowest Hell,

Physog. *Vouchsafe this grate*
A little space
To guard this place.

Cheiro. *Let now a deepe*
And moysning sleepe
His watch here keepe.

Magus. *We would obtaine*
This, for this swaine,
Whom wine doth chaine.

Physog. *That so since day*
Is fled, we may
Make him our prey.

Omnes.

Omnes. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, hoy-- *Dancing about him.*

Poet. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. *In his sleepe.*

Cheiro. What a Rogue's this? hee laughs at vs in his Dreame.

Poeta. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho: Some drinke, *Tantalus*, some drinke, some drinke; or I will---- *In his sleepe.*

Phys. What will he doe?

Poet. By the—by the—

Mag. He's about to sweare sure by some what.

Poet. By the great——By the great——

Cheir. He will sweare by the Creet.

Poet. By the great——By the great——

Phys. 'Tis so great 'twoun't come out.

Poet. By the great Hogs-head of *Heidelbergo*, *Logicus* is a Blockhead.

Phys. Well said i'faith, I perceiue there is some remembrance of ones friends in Wine.

Poeta. Corinna, will you kisse? will you kisse cockle-kisse? close, close, you Whore.

Mag. Oh, here's a braue Dreamer!

Poeta. I will make this Verse like a Nut-hooke: like a Nut-hooke-and then pull downe—pull downe the Moone with it. *He begins to rise.*

Phys. Sure, *Magus*, you han't charm'd him well.

Mag. Let me alone: I warrant you.

Poeta. Come kisse, my Pigeon, come kisse, my pretty Corinna,
Nibble a little, my Loue, nibble againe: and againe.

Mag. Hay day! he's a *Hexametre* and *Pentametre* Verses in our tongue: faith I thinke in some such humour this kind of Verses was first made amongst vs.

Poet. Mi pur sei vi libertà eh Mi vuoi ich Indi bringe forth.

Cheiro. You shall not neede to make a short Verse to that Sir: weele be very short with you. *He is about to pick his pocket.*

Poet. Take off your whole nic. to make a sense of the chops. *Poeta strikes Cheiromantes.*

Cheiro. Beshrew his drunken fingers. *Magus*, you ha' not charm'd him well.

Magus. Altè dormi, pax, prax, max; altè dormi, Galbes, Galbas:

a Poets fall downe againe.

Phys. See what's in his pocket.[b]

b Cheiromantes takes out a purse and looks in it.

Cheiro. A meere cosen, Here's nothing but a Purse with a paper in't.

c He takes the paper and reads it.

Mag. Let's see it, why, whats here? Verses!

Translated by mee vpon occasion of *Ethenny* his inuiting mee to Supper.

The fruitfull Earth does drinke the raine,
Trees drinke as the fruitfull Earth againe,
The Sea does drinke the liquid Ayre,
By the Sunnes beames the Sea waters are,
Drunke vp; which is no sooner done,
But straight the Moone drinkes vp the Sunne.
Why then, companions, doe you thinke
I must not with like goodnesse drinke?

This had beene lost, if I had not giuen the Rogue his *Anacreon* againe. Come, this dit with Purse? Come, ifaith we'l e'en serue for a Voyder, and carrie him away, whiles hee is drunk, rid the roome of him.

O multi Roome for a Poet, Roome for a Poet, Roome for a Poet. Exeunt Omnes, bringing away Poet on their shoulders.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

POLITES. GEOGRAPHVS.

Polites. And haue you beene in *Italie* too?

Geog. In the most parts of the World, Sir.

Polites. You haue dispos'd your obseruations by heads: haue you not?

Geog. They are yet Sir but a miscellany, but I am now in reducing of them.

Polites. And what may the summe of them be?

Geog. Sir, they are principally drawne from the People, and Country: discourting vpon the policie, and naturall disposition of the first; as on the situation, and fertilitie of the second.

Politer. Hum, the method is sufficiently approuuable; but I like that very well that you place Policy first: and would wish you to prosecute that fully, with the most subtle examinations of your purest iudgements: & will be worth your stay well: and 'tis a maine fault in your common Geographers, that now a dayes doe rather garnish the margine of a Map, than materially describe it; and onely draw a compasse of lines thorow it; as if they had not vse of the Countie to take notice onely of the high-wayes, which yet a Carrier, Horsknower, better than they, neglecting in the meane time more solide obseruations, whilest the ingenious (I will not say iudgements) are weakly satisfied with the superficiall shewes of things: do not you like your sedentary Students, who for the attaining of a little glorie with some few lesse iudicious of their owne profession, stirred up with a contemplative ambition, earnestly pursuing those studies, which abstract the linguist from the practice, in the actions of the life [illegible]

Georg. Sir, the obseruation of [illegible] and principall intendment, especially in [illegible] as yet (to my knowledge) not obserued, as I take it, by any.

Politer. As what?

Georg. I will [illegible]

Politer. But how could you come [illegible] to [illegible] there [illegible]

Georg. You shall vnderstand that [illegible] ning the [illegible] vsually sent to the [illegible] ning to the knowledge [illegible] with a Gentleman in [illegible] the most [illegible] his Lord, [illegible] of the [illegible] their [illegible] by [illegible] by second, according to the compasse [illegible] their two friends. Vpon the [illegible]

Politer. This [illegible]

Georg. [illegible] selfe

selfe into what shape he would, then send him to the enemies Land, where living, (either concealing his owne Country, or professing a dislike of it) and insinuating himselfe into the acquaintance of men neere to the best, would comment to by entertaining their humours, and giuing occasion of such discourse at any meeting, with much Art and ease, allure euery man, to discouer (euen for glory, to show who could know most) all intended and secret imployments into forren Lands; by this meanes hee would learne the whole designe, agent, time, and whatsoeuer other necessarie circumstance; then the person to be imploy'd, being commonly of estate not beyond himselfe, hee would vpon some subtle (though but slight) occasion, grow so farre acquainted with him, as to intreat the courtesie of Nations of him, to carry a Letter from him to that Country, which being with all courtesie granted, he would, against the time of his departure, prouide a Letter fairely written, containing nothing but some complement, or light matter suffice to his friend—

Polites. Whose to his Friend?

Geog. Nay Sir, but to another agent, whom his Lord imploy'd at home, as this Gentleman abroad.

Polites. Proceed then.

Geog. Withall giuing his friend to charge, vpon their leaue, taking, as it were, a more then ordinary care of the bearer thereof, as, to prouide him a fit lodging, with all other complements of friendship: then reading this Letter to the Gentleman, to free him from all suspicion of false dealing, would faile it in his presence, and deliuer it to him—

Polites. What deuice was there in this?

Geog. This Letter, Sir, being written by the Art of Steganographie, contained the whole intendiments of the imployed Messenger. That Art (as I vnderstand him) so large discouer'd, or rather taught it) proceeds vpon many deuices: as the putting together euery fifth letter of a word, or euery fifth, or euery second, according to the compact before hand betweene these two friends. Vpon the receit of which, proceeded such a most courteous entertayning, with the vpon and mastrie of his imployment, an artificiall deuice of all his designes.

Polites.

Politic. All this beares a iust probabilitie of truth. Well, *Geographus*, we shall take a further notice of your merit and worth; and since you haue ingeniously discouer'd both your free education, present state, and vnchangeable affection to *Astronomia*, and, as you say, her mutuall loue to you, I shall, I trust, effectually, in your behalfe, remoue the vnwillingnesse of her Mother *Physica*. But withall, I hold it a course not altogether without Policy, to inquire of *Astronomia*, the dislikes, for which shee doeth except against you, and then in by apt and conuenient discretion, easily to manifest [illegible] for this time the [illegible] of [illegible] further continuance of our discourse.

Geogr. I shall rest, Sir, at the disposition of your care.

Exit Geographus.

Politic. A Gentleman of parts worth the taking notice of; well, such wits must bee admitted in the spring of any [illegible] and *Ingenuity*, *finding* [illegible] I remember hee there [illegible] analogie betweene mens wits and their bodies. They are (still hee) both of them long a making, but soone marr'd. And indeed young wits that are worth the nourishing, when they see themselues neglected, are too-too proud to fall vpon desperate resolutions, arguing thus with themselues; [illegible] aduance them? they [illegible] the [illegible], nor Ignorance can debase them; thus from bad premisses drawing a worse conclusion, they [illegible] the workmanship of many yeares. But my Kinsewoman *Historia* sayd shee would be here by this time, [illegible]

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

POLITICVS, HISTORIA.

NOw Cosin, what is it at which you seeme [illegible]

Histor. Doe you admire at my [illegible] when you know, nay when you are the cause of it?

Politic. I, Cosin, I haue heard [illegible]

Histor. Your continuall declamations, Sir, against any mans

 lou'd

of her beauty, but what wrinkles (said I) can be in the present age iudge; and if her beautie was like his line, sure she was past her Three-score, when he fell in love with her; but alas, there was neuer any of that family that came neere the *Historias* for beauty.

Polites. Well, Cousin, then what is the imployment wherewith you will take me?

Hist. Why, if you meane to haue me alue long, change your dislike of *Poets* into loue, and reforme him if you will, but neuer hate him: admire him, reuerence him, woo him and win a word, a nine-times-nine; and make by meanes of your praises, and relations of your glory, shall bee put in the mouth of posteritie, that sooner shall the Common-wealth die, than your fame.

Polites. Well, Cousin, you haue powre enough aboue me, to create me, woo me, and win word aboue me; referre the finding out of meanes, and the accomplishing of your desire to the industrie of my endeauors.

Hist. Reuerend *Politus*, pardon the vnmannerlinesse of my disordered passions; doubt rashest prouers rude and furious: but I will soone instruct your wiseome: only remember my life lies in your hands.

Polites. And that shall not perish if heart saue it. There are many accusations inagainst this *Poet*, and some of them I perceiue will be prosecuted; he has bad, and good parts; he has a wilde head, yet may be reform'd, and then there's a man sau'd: a good purchase, my *Historia* is sau'd, that's a double. Well, then since I must loue him, I will saue him: if hee proue good, I winne two; if bad, I will hee but the folle of one, of *Historia*, who already professes chaste without him, she shall be lost.

Exit Polites.

ACTVS III. SCENA III.

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA TERTIA.

OH, I'me sick, I could drink a whole Riuer of water.

Post. Nay, if you talke of drinking, I could drinke my

selfe

Mad. Why, Sir, it is the heat of the ague is present death; and I remember *Galen* in his Booke *de constitutione*, relateth a story of a man that immediately upon the drinking, suddenly, being ouer heated in the bath, of cold water in the heat of his Feuer; thus farre according to the prescriptions of his Physicians: yet, I confesse, in him there was another adioyned cause, which *Galen* in the same place makes mention of; to wit, his stomake being at yeares very cold, had resolued on a perpetuall abstinence from all cold nourishments; so, that this adventitious cold of the water hee drunke, wrought not only against his disease, but still against his constitution.

Per. Oh that was it, that was it; then will I put the liquor.

Mad. You Poets would make mad Physicians; trust the Patient to the Physitian, but not the Physitian to the Poet. Sir, you must not do much, for so to the heat of your disease increase to an inflammation, you must rest more.

Per. I shall neuer liue, if I leaue walking.

Mad. Not so fast, you walke as fast as you do when you are in health.

Per. Indeed, nice thinke I shee keepes time with the same pace.

Mad. I, but it is not natural, 'tis not a direct Progression, but a kinde of circle turning Round; which proceedes from a lightnesse of the head, caus'd by her disease.

Med. I dislike your dyet; for in the verie hottest of Summer, when the Sunne is in *Cancer*, you eat the hottest meat, feeding altogether upon *Crabs*; which two concurrent heats of the Meat and of the Weather are able to cast any man into the inflammation of a Feuer.

Per. Indeed, I confesse it; and it is not but season, my only dyet.

Mad.

Med. I, but 'tis bad; and againe, 'tis very good to feed vpon varietie of meats.

Poeta. Say you so! marry, I thinke, you'l proue a paradoxicall Peripatetian your selfe; if you hold such Tenents: for you know, Sir, 'tis the most received opinion of Physicians, that varietie of meates disturbes concoction.

Med. Sir, I hold that opinion rather to argue the Authors superstition, than iudgement: for our nature delighteth in varietie, and those meats which the stomacke doth with pleasure desire, it doth most embracingly retaine, and concoct most faithfully, besides the substance of our bodies, consisting of a various nature, as humours, ayre, and the like, one of these parts may be more prest than another, by labour, or other meanes; so that a man hadvnged, for the vse ouhted supply of all these parts, receiues great varietie of nourishments, that there may be a reparation for whatsoeuer the bodie does euacuate.

Poeta. I vnderstand him.

Med. Besides, *Affrosina*, going abroad you neuer take care in what ayre you walke.

Affrosa. Indeed, I confesse, I am too neglective of that.

Med. Oh, that's a chiefe matter to bee prouided for; for the verie same ayre sometimes is hurtfull for one part of the bodie, and good for another.

Poeta. How? is that possible?

Medic. Sir, 'tis a truth obserued by *Guido Cauliacensis*, and in particular of the ayre of *Rome*; where if the same man haue a wound in his head, and another in his thigh: it hurts the one, and heales the other.

Poeta. That is poetrie, faith: the reason, the reason, Master Physician.

Med. 'Tis thus, Sir, the ayre there is cold and moyst, and therefore most hurtfull for the head; and againe, the same ayre by an obscuration of the spirits, a degradation of the blood, and a condensation of the humours, whereby they are made lesse quicke to flow downe, does therefore make the wounds of the thighs there curable, while the course of the humours is interrupted, whose defluence or flowing downe

would hinder the cure of the wound?

Pet. You Phyſicians, I perceiue, ſometimes haue ſome of *Apollo* in you.

Mir. Play, *Modeſt*, tell me one thing, you're a Phyſician; I haue heard *Geographus* relate of a place in his Trauels, where the people are heal'd by Muſicke: is it poſſible?

Cleod. O yes he confirmes it by mine owne experience. I knew a young Gentleman that married a young Gentlewoman, who being extraordinarily faire, and he as melancholy, grew into a great iealouſie, that three hot made him a Cuckold, vpon which conceit, at the firſt bare ſight, the ſtrength of his melancholy and iealouſie working together, he fell into a ſtrong perſuaſion that he had Hornes: the beſt Phyſicians were ſent for, vs'd all medicines and inuentions to cure him, nothing preuail'd, whereupon they left him, intreating his wife to be patient, and expect his recouerie in time. Away they went, and none but a little boy was left in the roome to tend the Gentleman, when vpon a ſuddaine there comes nie by, a Bag-pipe player, at the ſound of whoſe Pipe the Gentleman ſuddenly aroſe, leapes about the Chamber, beats his head againſt the wall, ſo long, till at laſt he had broke his face in diuers places, that the blood guſhed out; vpon the effuſion of which melancholy blood, that had corrupted his braine and phancaſie, the Gentlemans Hornes were beaten off againſt the wall, and the Gentlewoman became as honeſt a woman after that, as any in *Europe*.

Pet. In good faith, you Phyſitians are the only fellowes in the world to tell Tales by Gentlewomens Bed-ſides, whiles they are ſicke.

Cleod. This Cure was by the effuſion of bloud, but not by whom *Geographus* told of, were healed without any ſuch meanes.

Cleod. He ſatisfie you in that by another particularitie of experience: I knew another Gentleman, who being very ſicke of a contagious diſeaſe, and finding no remedie by Medicine, the Phyſicians had aduiſed Muſicke to be brought into the roome and play, at the hearing of which Muſicke, he ſuddenly leaped and continued dancing ſo long, till the laborious

ous exagitation of his whole bodie, had by sweat and breathing dissipated the contagion.

Poesis. I wonder you Physitians doe not turne Travellers, you'd haue an aduantage beyond them all, by making good your Relations, by giuing a reason for them.

Med. O by no meanes, Sir; for if wee should trauell into forren Lands, our skill would there faile vs; by reason of the difference of the Countrie, and our ignorance of their constitutions and dyet.

Astron. *Musicus*, some drinke; mee thinkes, I haue not one iot of moysture in me.

Med. *Musicus*, fetch none, shee shall drinke no more.

Astron. I must drinke; the World was not in such a combustion at *Phaeton's* driuing the Chariot of the Sunne, as I am in now.

Astrol. Come, come, *Madame*, the sicknesse of your prescriptions must be dispenc'd with, a little.

Med. Will you spoile her, *Astrologus*?

Astrol. Ile warrant you, shee'r well dyes of this disease, I haue calculated her Infirmitie, so much by the Rules of my Art: the first House of her Horoscope, wherein all her diseases are Prefigeratiuely registred, promiseth a better issue of her sicknesse than so: besides, shee shall haue an happie Wombe, for I find in her Horoscope, *Venus* in her [illegible], *Mercurie* in *Pisces*, and *Iupiter* in the fifth House, the [illegible] falling on the first House, and of the [illegible] being in the Seuenth, illustrating the fifth House with a Sextile Radiation; shee shall haue a beautifull Daughter, her name shall be *Opticia*, there shall appeare at her birth foure Sunnes, and as many Raine-bowes, and the Ayre euery-where betweene Raine-bowes, shall seeme to be full of [illegible], and in the middle of each Raine-bow shall appeare a Pentachrean Ayre, which being reflected from the [illegible], shall project a multiplum of colours in the Ayre.

Med. *Astronomia*, your gee be so much [illegible] your Walking, and [illegible] hee'd make you stand still.

Astron.

Astron. Some drink.

Music. Helpe, *Astronomia* falls.

Poem. Marrie, he cannot for his life.

Med. I, here's your drinke.

Arith. Ah, *Astrologia*, you made no Reckoning of this sicknesse, it shall scarce e're trust you againe, as long as I know your Cooke, let's haue her in, let's haue her in. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA IIII.

MAGVS, PHYSOGNOMVS.

MAgus. Now my sweet Deuils, I am euen sicke with expecting when *Medicus* will come and visite me; I feare, his physicke cannot worke vpon *Poeta*, that rogues Verses, I thinke, are a counter-charme against all our inuentions. I hope on his shoes soules *Mercuries* wings, she beats about in shapes, she quiuers all ouer shields and helmets, but alas, she's still in the like hauen of her Horoscope, wherein all her diuinations are.

Physog. Why, but dare you thinke 'em impenetrable?

Magus. Oh, sure enough: that a Shooter of hairie Beards of a Foot, shall hauing beene buffeted a matter of two or three hundred yeares, like Iacke Cade vp against Kinde, without the least pashing of his Visne, enforce *Mercury* [illegible] a Diuination; Shee shall haue a beautifull Dame in the middle of each Rainebow shall [illegible] Radiation.

Physog. And I know by his lookes, if he can settle his affections vpon a wench, he'll pursue her more swiftly than euer eclipsed *Diogenes* [illegible] and I know the exact and subtile soft and quaint Hand, by which *Alsp* infallibly knew her louers: for like a Poet without his wine and his weapon, and if he make not verie pitifully ie Verses, he forswears *Parnassus* for euer, as long as I liue.

Magus. But, I hope, that wench shall not be *Astronomia*.

Physog.

Physog. Ne'r feare that: I haue seriously obseru'd (taking an opportunitie the other day to looke on her) the whole composure of her Face; and first for her beautie, I must confesse it absolute; for there are the two causes of all beautie; a most exquisite Symmetrie, or correspondent commensuration of the parts; and an exact mixture of colours, which addes vnto the proportion an incomprehensible pulchritude: since which time, I haue taken a like view of *Geographus* and *Geometres*; now for their heights, *Geographus* is some what lower than shee; but *Geometres* is of her pitch iust; for the lines of proportion in their faces, I must confesse, I can hardly iudge which is most like her, well, I hope yet 'twill be *Geometres*, or if *Geographus* doe win her, 'twill be by his comely deportments: faith, I wish him well, but wee must worke for them that feele vs in the fist.

Magus. Well, Rauens, croke here, and whoso'r comes by, make a prey of him; in the meane time flie to *Astrologia*, for I know not what's the reason on't, but my Spirits cannot informe me of any thing shee does, so that I must of necessitie to *Astrologia*, to know how things proceed: but there's one *Galileus* an exquisite Mathematician, an *Italian*: whom I came very lately acquainted with, by admirable lucke; and he has promis'd to helpe me to a glasse, by which I shall see all things as perfectly represented in *Astronomia*'s house, as if I were there: till which time I must take the paines to haue it by relation; but to your charge, to your charge I say, croke Rauens, croke.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA V.

PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHIROMANTES, SANGVIS.

Chiro. Ere dinner come, good body, *Physiognomus*, set a good Face vpon't, and I'le set my Fingers a worke, presently.

Physog. Hold thy Hands there, my *Sanguis*, here's our Rule, my Scholler.

Sang. Well, I shrowdly suspect my Master for his phy-

ſicke: but mum, I am o're-heard, I feare.

Phyſog. How now, *Sanguis*? why doeſt thou bluſh ſo?

Sang. Doe I bluſh?

Cheiro. I'me ſure thou look'ſt as red as fire; I thinke all the Bloud in thy body is in thy face.

Sang. Well, well, all your words will not make me a iot redder than I am: but, if you talke of bluſhing, I thinke you haue more need to bluſh, if you knew the report that goes of you.

Phyſog. Of vs?

Sang. I, of you; but eſpecially of *Cheiromantes*.

Cheiro. Of me? what?

Sang. Nothing, but that you are a Cut-purſe.

Cheiro. I defie mine accuſers, and I call honeſtie it ſelfe to witneſſe, that I get my liuing by my fingers ends.

Sang. Come, come, leaue theſe proteſtations: a bad cauſe is better defended by ſilence, than argument.

Phyſog. Faith 'tis true; let vs be friends: and ſince thy Maſter *Medicus* has caught thee to Kill, we'll teach thee to Steale: but honeſtly, *Sanguis*, honeſtly.

Cheiro. We three will ſet vpon the next man we meet.

Sang. I would 'twere *Choler* that broke my head t'other day: o that condition, I'd ſtay; but my Maſter has ſent me to *Morgus*. I muſt begone.

Enter Choler.

Phyſog. Nay, ſtay a little longer now, *Sanguis*: who comes yonder? doe you know his Face?

Sang. Well, you two will helpe me?

Cheir. My Hand ſhal be alwaies readie to help my friend.

Sang. *Choler*, I'me *Sanguis*, and here's my hand.

Choler gives Sanguis a box on the eare, and they fall to cuffes.

Choler. *Sanguis*, I'm *Choler*, and here's my hand.

Enter MELANCHOLICO.

Melan. How? three againſt one? *Hercules* himſelfe could not fight with ſuch diſaduantages: there's no ingenuitie in this; Ile take his part for pittie-ſake at aduenture, be it right or wrong.

He helps Choler

Phyſog. O my noſe, my noſe is gone!

Choler. Ile make you too *Sanguis* crie your Bloodie noſe before I haue done.

Choler. O my hand! my hand! O you rogue, you bow it quite double almost.

Enter MVSICA *with a packe and a bottle of drinke.*

Music. Why men, beasts, furies, what doe you meane?

Melan. Choler, Choler, draw thy knife, and slit *Phyflegmas* nose.

Physog. Ah you dull rogue, doe you kicke?

Enter PHLEGMATICO *with a pipe of Tobacco.*

Music. Oh, *Phlegmatico!* thou'rt welcome; but prethee throw away thy pipe; vnlesse 'twere one could make them dance after it, and so coole their furie.

Phleg. Why, ho!

Music. Orpheus, they say, by musike held beasts by the eares; let *Musica* then hold the beastly furies of you, that are now by the eares.

Phleg. Why, ho! *They leave fighting.*

Melan. He has pickt my pocket. Sirrah, *Choler,* you rogue, where's my hand-kercher?

Phleg. Nay, giue him his hand-kercher, I saw you take it; there, there is thy hand-kercher, *Melancholico:* why I thought thou hadst beene no fighter.

Melan. Faith, ingenuitie made me fight, when I saw three vpon one.

Music. Come, come, for shame, be friends; you shall all be friends before you part.

Melan. Nay, I'm angrie with no body: I did but fight, to make them leaue fighting.

Physog. } Not we; for the quarrell was not ours.
Choler. }

Phleg. I thought 'twas *Choler,* and *Sanguis,* they still are prouoking one another: What hast thou in thy bottle, *Musica? Nepenthe* to reconcile the Gods?

Music. Faith here's drinke to reconcile these furies, if they will?

Phleg. Come, *Musica,* doe you beginne, and we'll all dance after the pipe.

Music. You haue spoke truer than you thinke, for there is a Piper comming after me, and some body else, they'll be here anon:

anon? well, here's to you all then. *Sheer drinks.*

Melan. Phlegmatico, here's to thee. *Hee drinks.*

Phleg. Sanguis, here's to thee.

Sang. Choler, here's to thee.

Choler. Cheiromantes, have at you.

Cheiro. Worke. *(Choler drinks)* *Physiognomus*, will you taste this liquor?

Physiog. Play off. *(Cheiromantes drinks)* Well then, I am last, Ile drinke to you all; Ile leave no't a jot. *(Hee drinks)* there, *Musica*, there's thy bottle.

Mus. Sanguis and *Choler* shake hands, are you friends?

Sang. }
Choler. } I wish all my heart.

Music. Cheiromantes, they say, you can tell fortunes; is it true?

Cheiro. Trie me.

Mus. Let's know all our fortunes then.

Cheiro. Come on, let me see your hand, sweet *Musica*, you shall be belou'd of two, a Courtier and a Scholler; you shall loue the Courtier more; but the Scholler shall haue you; and it shall so come to passe, that the Courtier shall afterward be your seruant: your husband shall be exceeding melancholy: you shall haue three sonnes; the first shall be call'd by his fathers name (but I know not what that shall be) and hee shall be extreme discontent and solitarie; and if he pretend a consumption, he may liue till fortie; for hee is cruell, being of a cold and drie constitution: the second shall be called *Sanguido*, and hee'll be in danger of being hit with a mad dogge; which if he scape, he may liue till fiftie: the third shall be called *Iucundo*, the other two cooke after their father; but hee'll take after his mother; hee will be exceedingly giuen to good cheere, musike, and women: he will be in danger of a Surfet; and of Fire, and if he scape these two, especially burning, he may liue to be an old man.

Mus. Well, no more.

Cheiro. You, *Phlegmatico*, 'twill be long ere you can get you a wife; yet you'll haue one, and two daughters; the child will die very young, of the blacke Iaundice, and your wife of the dropsie. *Phleg.*

Phleg. Sirrah, I saw you scale before, and now I heare you lie, you rogue.

Melan. Tell me mine next.

Cheir. He tell you yours in your eare. *He whispers in Melancholi-co's eare.*

Melan. Thanks, deare *Cheiromantes.*

Sang. Nay, and fortunes be so good that are told in ones eare; Ile haue mine told in my eare too.

Cheir. Thus 'tis then. *He whispers in his eare.*

Sang. Pish, this is no such fine fortune.

Chol. Tell me mine openly.

Cheir. Why, this 'tis: You, *Choler*, shall be somewhat happy in your wife: her name shall be *Panitentia*; you shall haue two children; and one shall take only after you, his name shall be *Furioso.* He shal die in his young age, in an Ale-house, of a stab in at the mouth, which shal passe thorow his tongue, and braines. The other child shall be a daughter; shee shall take after her mother; her name shall be *Lacryma*, a modest sober girle, and one that shall be well beloued by wise men.

Choler. Well, this is a prettie mixt fortune; now, what's thine owne fortune and thy fellowes?

Cheir. Oh, starke naught, starke naught; Ile conceale them.

Music. Then fare you well; I can stay no longer.

Sang. 'Faith you shan't goe yet; what haue you in your packe?

Music. What's that to you?

Melan. Prethee, *Musico*, tell mee, what thou hast in thy packe?

Music. Why, because you speake kindly now, and intreat me, Ile shew you.

Mel. Hay, braue! what's here?

Sang. Morrice-bels?

Phleg. And waste-coats, and napkins?

Choler. Why, how can'st thou by them?

Music. Why, thus: my Mistris had beene ill a good while, and because I tended her very carefully; shee gaue mee leaue to recreate my selfe to day; and i'faith I light on merry company, where they vs'd these jinglers: and when they had done

done, they pray'd mee to carrie them home with this bottle of drinke.

Sang. Faith, and there were enow, wee'd dance.

Musi. Enow? now I thinke on't, there's inst enow, there's six paire.

Sang. Faith wee'll to it then, but what wouldst thou doe, *Musica*?

Musi. Why Ile play the maid *Marian*.

They dresse themselues.

Sang. A match, a match: dresse, dresse, wee'll haue braue jingling.

Melan. I can't dance.

Musi. Nay, prethee be not sullen, good *Melancholico*.

Melan. If I doe, Ile weare no bels.

Musi. Why then lay one paire aside.

Melan. But I woun't dance now.

Musi. Why, *Melancholico*?

Melan. I woun't dance, vnlesse I haue one of the wrought waste-coats.

Musi. Why, now they haue put them on.

Melan. I care not, I woun't dance else.

Musi. Come prethee, *Cheiromanes*, slip off thine againe and change with him, *Melancholico* must haue his sullen humours. So, now we want nothing but the Tabor wee talk't of: but 'tis no matter, since he does not come, wee'll sing, and so make musike to our selues. Who can tune the Morrice best?

Enter an hobby horse dancing the Morrice, with a Tabourer.

The hobby horse rushes on them, and throwes them all downe.

Oh, here they are both, here they are both.

Cheiro. O my arme, my arme!

Sang. O my shinne!

Choler. Ah, murren on him; who the deuill's this?

Phleg. I haue hurt my breft.

Phyſieg. O the side of my face!

Melan. A rope on you, must you throw me quite downe?

Musi. Prethee dance the morrice quietly with vs: vp, vp, ho, and wee'll dance.

They dance three times, the hobby-horse ouerthrowes them all againe, kiſſes Musica, and runnes away with the Tabourer.

Sang. A murren goe with you---*Muſica*, who play'd in the hobby-horse?

Musi. No, I must not tell.

Sang.

Sang. Come then, wee'l goe now to Barly-breake.

Phleg. I but there's one odde: what shall he doe? fit out euery time?

Muſ. Yes faith, and giue a reaſon of the other three couples meeting.

Melan. Agreed: runne.

They run and meet thus: *Sanguin.* *Phyſiognomus.* *Melancholico.* *Muſica.* *Cheiromantes.* *Phlegmatico.*

Choler. A murren on't, muſt I be the firſt man muſt fit out? nothing angers me but that.

Muſic. Nay *Choler*, thou's fret and chafe now——

Sang. Come *Choler*, your reaſons.

Choler. Why, thou and *Muſica* are met together——becauſe——Sanguine folkes are moſt fit for Muſicke and ſports. *Phyſiognomus* and *Cheiromantes* met, becauſe they fear'd wee would haue ſuſpected they would haue pickt our pockets, if they had ioyn'd with any of vs——

Phyſ. We thanke you *Choler*, wee ſhall be euen with you, and't come to our turne.

Choler. *Melancholico* and *Phlegmatico* ioyn'd; becauſe one's too dry; and the other's too moiſt: and ſo they'l ſerue for Medicines one for another: come runne againe: Ile be ſure to catch ſome bodie this time.

They run againe *Sanguin.* *Choler.* *Muſica.* *and meet thus:* *Melancholico* *Phlegmatico* *Cheiromantes.*

Phyſ. I can tell you *Choler*, you had almoſt mis't this ſame time too. Well, to my caſke, ſince 'tis my lucke. *Sanguin* and *Melancholico* met, becauſe one's cold and dry, and the other's hot and ſufficiently moiſt: *Choler* and *Phlegmatico* (haue at you *Choler*) are like a flap-dragon, or a peece of bread ſopt in *Aqua vitæ*, and then ſet a-fire——

Choler. Thanke you *Phyſiognomus*.

Phyſiog. And *Muſica* met with *Cheiromantes*, becauſe the hand in this ſenſe, in reſpect of Muſicke, may moſt iuſtly bee call'd the Inſtrument of inſtruments: and therefore moſt fitly to be coupled with it.

Choler. I'faith *Cheiromantes* you are beholding to him, he has grac'd you.

Phyl. Come, runne againe.

they meet thus: *Choler.* *Sanguis.* *Musica.*
Cheiromantes. *Physiognomus.* *Phlegmatick.*

Mel. What? is cony coutes?

Choler. Hay! *Melancholico* will giue gallant reasons.

Sang. I, hee'l be exceedi. g witty, I warrant you.

Mus. Nay, I beleeue hee'l giue incomparable reasons.

Cheir. Come on *Melancholico*.

Phleg. Let's heare the first.

Phys. He lookes as if he would giue profound ones.

Mel. What? doe you meane to abuse me? Ile giue none. Ile play no more.

Choler. That's a poore put-off i'faith; either play on, or else Ile call thee Block-head as long as I know thee.

Mel. Doe, doe.

Chol. Block-head, block-head.

Mel. Come, you sawcy Asse, because you are so hot, Ile take you downe: Ile propose a riddle.

Mus. Let it be a good one, and it shall bee for all the reasons thou shouldst haue giuen.

Choler. Yes faith, and 'tbe a good one.

Mel. Well, take it as it is: Riddle me, riddle me, what's this? It is not, and yet we see it; 'tis like a picture, and yet 'tis no picture: and it was drawne by a blinde Painter.

Choler. This is impossible.

Sang. Nay *Choler*, you are too rash in your iudgement—— It is not, and yet we see it, —— why, it may be you meane honestly, which peraduenture you thinke is no-where truely: but seemes to be some-where.

Mel. No, no, your coniecture halts.

Mus. It is not, and yet we see it? —— If it had beene, It is not, and yet wee heare it; I could haue giuen a reasonable coniecture.

Mel. As how? I prethee.

Mus. Why, I could haue thought it to be Fame.

Mel. Indeed that had beene reasonable: but you see it is not so propos'd; neither could that hold with the parts that follow: well, to the next.

Sanguis.

Sanguis. 'Tis like a picture, and yet no picture? He giue a very strong coniecture at that.

Mel. Let's heare it.

Sanguis. Why, it may be a Gentleman was first painted.

Mel. That coniecture is plausible, but it will not hold with the rest. To the last.

Sanguis. And it was drawne by a blinde Painter.

Choler. That's altogether impossible.

Sanguis. You're too quicke again, *Choler*, I can conceiue how that may be.

Mel. How?

Sanguis. How? Why the Painter might lose his sight after he had drawne the picture, And so be a blinde Painter.

Muſ. Pretty, pretty, pretty.

Mel. But you're out, Sir.

Choler. Well, what was't now?

Mel. Nay, since you are so hot, you shan't know.

Sang. Nay, prethee what is't.

Mel. No, I woun't tell it.

Muſ. Nay, what sullennesse is this? Prethee tell. What is it.

Mel. I woun't.

Pleg. A pox on't, I long to know. Prethee what is't, *Melancholico*?

Choler. Come, what is't, *Melancholico*?

Mel. Nay, I'me a block-head, I'me a block-head, *Choler*, 'pray what is't? your delicate wit, I doubt not can easily tell.

Choler. A rope of all fallen noddies: hee sees every one greedy to know, and therefore out of a doggednesse conceales it.

Phleg. A rope, if hee had neuer propos'd it, it would neuer haue anger'd me. Will you tell, *Melancholico*?

Mel. Alas, I'me a block-head.

Choler. Well, wee'l wait his leasure.

Sang. I shall not sleepe for thinking on't, if he does not tell me.

Phleg. I shall dreame on't all night.

Muſ. Good *Melancholico*, what is't?

Mel. Alas, I'me a block-head.

Muſ.

Musc. Pish, why then Good block-head, what is't?

Mel. Nay, you woun't tell what I said to the Hobby-horse, you.

Musc. Faith I will, if you'l tell this first, and I'le vse you will not be angry with him, for throwing you downe.

Mel. Nay, Ile know that first, and without all conditions.

Omnes. Doe *Musica*, prethee doe.

Musc. Ile tell you then in your eare, *Melancholico.*

Mel. Nay, Ile haue it told openly, it concernes euery one as much as me.

Musc. Why then if you would know, 'twas *Phantaste*; that had but a little hanky-panking with me.

Mel. Phantaste? Indeed I haue heard hee's the onely fellow in the Countrey to dance in an Hobby-horse: but hee might haue vs'd his friends the huntsmen better.

Musc. But you'l forgiue him I hope now.

Omnes. For thine sake we will.

Musc. Well. Now *Melancholico*, what is't?

Mel. I but *Musica*, you shall kisse me first.

Musc. Come on then. *They kisse.*

Mel. Kisse me againe.

Musc. Why and againe.

Mel. And againe.

Musc. And againe.

Mel. Now you shall all recant the word *Block-head*, and say *Melancholico* is no block-head: say so.

Omnes. Melancholico is no block-head.

Mel. So, *Musica*, kisse me once more, and then Ile tell.

Musc. Why thus I doe, sweet *Melancholico*, that art no block-head.

Mel. Well said, your little reigne. Why now I'l tell you; It is the Raine-bow described by *Homer*, but you shall haue it by parts: It is not, and yet we see it; — the colours in the Raine-bow are not true and very colours, but onely seeme so to be: as I haue heard *Physica* often say. It is like a picture, and yet is no picture, — *ther's* manifest. And it was drawne by a blinde Painter, — *Homer* was blinde and a Poet, now a Poet as I haue heard my Master say, may fitly bee call'd a

Pain-

Painter; as painting may be call'd Poesie in picture.

Choler. The illation is superfluous to apprehentive eares.

Musica. Ile remember this (faith) where are my Bels, and Wast-coats, and Noglins? Well, now fare you well all. *Exit Musica.*

Omnes. Fare well, *Musica.*

Choler. Fare well, Gallants; my businesse lyes this way too. *Exit Choler.*

Mel. Who goes this way?

Phleg. That doe I.

Mel. Come on then; fare well, Lads. *Exeunt Melancholico, and Phlegmatico.*

Cheiro. Fare you well: I'm glad they are all gone, I have got some what.

Phys. What is't?

Cheiro. The paire of Bels which *Melancholico* would not weare.

Phys. I protest, I never perceiv'd, when thou did'st nimbe them.

Sang. Nor I.

Cheir. Nay, I use the slight of the hand exactly: if I deale not some what where ere wee come, let me be hang'd: come, Boyes, wee'll haue some liquor for these Iinglers: faith, *Sanguis*, we must take a Cup or two before you go to *Magus*.

Sang. I care not now for drinking.

Cheir. Fie, fie, forsake thy liquor? 'twill breed good bloud: *Sanguis*, 'twill breed good bloud: Come along Boyes. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actvs IIII. Scena VI.

POLITES *in a Scarlet Gowne, Hood, and Cap with Ermine, a white Staffe, &c.*

POLITES, LOGICVS, GRAMMATICVS, POETA, CAVSIDICVS.

I Doe finde my selfe at this present affected with that which should not touch a good Magistrate, an vnwillingnesse to doe Iustice: yet I protest it proceeds not from a desire to see

iniurious, but mercifull; not for an ill will to either, but a hope to both. Whileſt heretofore, I vnderſtood of this diſſention, as I was ſomewhat caſt downe with ſorrow, ſo I was raiſed with an hope of happie redreſſement; but now that hope alſo which before was the cauſe of an vncertaine ioy, is become the ground of my moſt certaine griefe; and the rather to ſee the ſtate of our moſt bleſſed Common-wealth (which the gods haue decreed ſhall be eternall, if our ſelues hinder not) to be thus torne with our ciuill Diſcords. You are not ignorant of the miraculous meanes which the gods haue vſed in rayſing vs to this greatneſſe: not by riches, but pouertie; not by plenty, but want; that which to others has beene the occaſion of diſgrace, has to vs beene the meanes of our preſent honour: It is the obſeruation of the *Grecians*, *Tacitus*, and trueſt Oracle of *Greece*, *Thucidides*, that the *Athenian* Common-wealth was not fayre to that glorie (like the reſt of *Greece*) by the fruitfulneſſe but barrenneſſe of the ſoyle: for which cauſe whileſt the Inhabitants liu'd ſecure from the inuaſion of Borderers, others growing rich, were at laſt conſum'd by their owne diſſentions: ſo that for the auoyding of publike diſturbance, when they were afflicted, they reſorted to the *Athenians*, with what they had left, before all were loſt; who as they did partake of the *Atheniens* ſecuritie, ſo mutually offer'd to the *Athenians* the participation of their wealth: the like I may ſay of our preſent eſtate; we haue not ſought vnto others, you haue not ſought to vs? we had nothing, yet what owe we, vnleſſe it be a moderation of our felicitie? All other Mechanicke faculties, of whatſoeuer Corporations, haue they not forſooke themſelues to retyre to vs? and yeelded vp their eſtates, which they thought vnhappie, to receiue them to an happineſſe from our bountie? I ſpeake not theſe things vnto you as an inſtructer, but a remembrancer: Not to impoſe on you a new beleefe beyond your experience, but to imprint in your mindes a iuſt conſideration of your dangerous contention. I haue yet but begunne to ſpeake; but ſorrow is a bad Orator, and I muſt continue my ſpeech with a ſilent Rhetorike.

He ſpeakes this aſide to Cauſid.

Pol. Preſſe the abuſe throughly, as I inſtructed you.

Cauſ.

Caust. I warrant you, Sir.

Leg. How now, Sir? What doe you whisper with my Lawyer?

Peer. With yours? I'd laugh at that, i'faith.

Logic. With mine? I, mine, I'm sure I gave him a fee.

Peer. But I am sure I gave him a double fee.

Polites. How now! what new contestation's this?

Logic. And't please you, he abuses me before your face: see bribes my Lawyer.

Peer. Your? hee's mine.

Logic. Thine? he's none of thine, he's mine.

Peer. He canbe Advocate to him, who's he?

Logic. Confidium, and not, you my Lawyer?

Caust. Yes.

Peer. How, thou Varlet, why? art thou hee?

Caust. ——— Yes.

Polites. What new piece of ——— doe I see?

Caust. Peace, hearer, *Polites*.

Polites. Shall I be a mopheard of Justice's patient?

Caust. Peace, I say, *Polites*.

Polites. What, should I now prate, speak, move, with these eyes, with these hands, with these feet, with this tongue, with this breath, with this soule, with this heart, with this head, with this braine, with this memory, with this understanding, with this will, with this conscience? Should I not speak, move, see, hear, smell, taste, touch? O new conscience! fond affection! thy silence perchance might procure cause to escape thy crime; thou by pretence, through wish, swell fearing dissimulation, to passion for passion, you are the accuser, I counsaile your client cause; thou shalt have audience for himselfe, and for thy Client, and your wisest Judge may chance to condemne the innocent.

Logic. Legion.

Peer. Aside, good sir. *Gramercies* was soundly beaten by this fellow from Troy, and I forsooth, for to mean a cloggeheaded Rogue; but (notwithstanding) forsake him, and

Polites. Fie, *Logicus*, fie, fie; how [illegible] you wrong your selfe, by these vnseemely termes? besides, the Gentlemans worth is well knowne.

Logic. He's a Rascall to Me I am sure!

Poeta. Fie, *Logicus*, fie, you see I giue you [illegible] a foule word, and that the goodnesse of my Cause moues eu'n the Iudge in my defence.

Log. And't please you *Polites*, euery one counts him but a dissolute Rascall, and so hee has in all times beene held: but for my facultie, what age euer flourisht in which that flourisht not?

Poet. Nay, *Logicus*, you haue little reason to say so, I can tel you: for if we take a view of the most illustrious Age, that euer the world enioy'd, which I thinke to be the time of the twelue *Roman Cæsars*; wherein Armes and Learning were at their height, you may obserue Poetrie to haue beene most famous, embraced by Emperours, admired by all who laboured to raise their names through the Learned. But for Logicians, alas, (I must speake the truth) as their names were vnknowne, so were their endeuours buried in obscuritie. Indeed those times were [illegible], and were not [illegible] of a wanton softnesse of a daintie sloth, doe onely spinne out these Spider-webs of [illegible]; [illegible] hath beene often my meditation, to make an amputation of such Excrescencies, and to cause that our youth, which is to bee instructed for future vse, should not consume the strength of their wits in an industrious labour of friuolous [illegible] knowledge [illegible] faculties, [illegible] and our [illegible] there- into [illegible] former times: but yet, alas! how many thousand famous Oratours haue there beene without Logicke? how many excellent Poets without Logicke, whose diuine eloquence could speake beyond all Logicke, without all Logicke.

Musi. Reuerend *Polites*, [illegible] impos'd a bad message vpon me, though vnfit: *Astronomia* is in a traunce, and [illegible] the Heauens know whether or no shee be [illegible] recouered. (I know it boded no good luck) that all my Lute-strings crack't last night of themselues [illegible].

 Polites.

Polites. All the gods forbid; ah dear *Afrosynia*, griefe vpon griefe ſtill: Indeed *Muſica*, thou waſt an vnfit Meſſenger for ſubtile newes: for this contention, it muſt laſt vndecided till another occaſion. *Confidius*, I warne you to bee in a readineſſe to appeare, when you are ſent for.

Exit Polites. Exit Muſica.

Confi. Pardon, good *Polites*, honour'd *Polites*, good *Polites*, pardon.

Dare Confidius.

Logic. Grammarius, what thinke'ſt thou of this departure? is it vnpoetic?

Gram. By my faith, I could make a bad Conſtruction of it; but you haue better ſkill. *Peace*, I preſume you haue ſome Iouniture.

Poet. You abuſe the integritie of our Honourable Iudge.

Log. Thou a lye of integritie? goe, goe, thou art a crackt Diſtich, a broken Pillo-poe. *Politus* talkes againſt Logicke, when as your Logicians are the only Schollers in the world; but the beſt is, they talke againſt thaw.

Poet. The onely Schollers? the only Dunces.

Log. Sirrah, Dunces?

Poet. Yes Loggerhead, Dunces; it doeſt thou murmure? thou knowſt not the Letters of thy Alphabet yet.

Log. How you Slaue?

Poet. Nay, I'le make a Vizard of thy ſcurvie face: I ſay thou knowſt not the Letters of thy Alphabet: haue not I heard thee ſtutter *Quare, Quia, Quale, Ergo, Quare, Quia, Quale*, and ſuch like? I take them to be like reaſon, for I may as well beare Aſſe, but ſee you well Blockhead, fare you well.

Exit.

Gram. And my *Choler* were here, hee'd haue him by the eares: come, come, let vs not ſtand to murren on them, they are Dunces, ſo are we all: Let vs not ſtand to murren on them, they are Dunces, but Ablatiue to the Cliants.

Log. Come, come; I'me ſure our caſe is in a fine Predicament: I thinke we haue beene put off long enough: 'faith all haue taſte ſhall hereafter be no more put in the Predicament of Mouth; but of *Quando*, of *Quando*, a plague of theſe Lawyers.

Exeunt Log. & Gram.

Mistresse with an Vrinall in her hand.

WHy so; this is good: I haue brought my selfe into a fine case: I must be a Poysoner, I find to get my Liuing: must lose my Life; hanging on my wife pate in the meane while. And to obserue the witty reuenge of the gods; that this intended Murther should come forth by mine owne man *Sanpaz*, from whom in Policie I conceal'd it: well, I perceiue Blood is Open-mouth'd and will tell all: but sure it is not much known, that I practis'd as yet secretly to *Pollux*, and now requested to helpe *Affranania*, He take the happie occasion, and vse my best art to cure her, and so if there scape, I may perchance escape too, obtayning pardon for my re-commence——— see me feede——by this water I doe finde the state of her bodie much alter'd, and her sides reclining. There was an *Affranania* that I once had in cure before now, and she was of the very same constitution, had the like disease, and the like turning in her head, how she dyed, and afterward we made a dissection in her head, to see what was the disaffection of her braine, which when we had done, we found all her braines turn'd to a matter much like cheese curdy, or a Cheystalline Orbe: but I hope all such suspicions of this *Affranania* are Fables——but stay——what's the reason of her vrine? (*she tastes it*)——Fie, fie, naught: oh, who would be a Physician to taste these things? 'tis worse than to be a Sute-preferrer, and dine in a Prate-House——but what smell has it? (*she smelleth it.*) Fish, worse, worse, I cannot endure it, [*she throwes away the Vrinall, and breaks it.*] *Affranania's* of a faire complexion her selfe, I wonder that her Vrine should be so darke——'tis of the colour of a Cloud. Well, I see there's verie corrupt within, and I feare 'tis this *Affranania* that powder'd her; to giue her a Potion at the mouth will not doe much good; for 'twill be so long in descending, that the power of it will bee much debilitated; I conclude then, it must bee a Clyster, a Clyster: and so he in, to administer it: well, if I scape this Scowling cleanly; He neuer come in the like Pickle againe, whil'st I breathe.

Exit Medicus.

ACTVS

Actus V. Scena II.

Polity. [illegible]

You Sir, I have in part discover'd the working parts of Germaine should spend the strength of his wit now in the contrivings of discontents. I can [illegible]

Physic. Nay, I must needs confesse of the commendable parts in him: but I have cured [illegible] to *Matevos* which wanders in the [illegible] culer like the shooting stars [illegible] speaking then to his dearest [illegible] but I'm sure my *Aphorisme* [illegible]

Polity. I, but I'm certain [illegible] will never get beyond the [illegible] come, you shall see, there will be encouragement [illegible] get out.

Physic. Then must [illegible] that hath incited him to entring [illegible] course.

Polity. Will you be willing, on that condition, to yeeld your consent, that he shall have her?

Physic. I will.

Polity. Well then, Ile helpe a [illegible] of this marriage: for Ile make him discard his [illegible] immediately; 'twas somewhat tolerable to encourage you such a giddie Counsellour, whilest he was unmarried: but hereafter all by your selfe he will be more stay'd: and consider, Physician, that though he have been a Traveller, yet he is now come home, and I hope not only to his Country, but to himself.

Physic. Well, [illegible] my counsels will worke upon him, I trust; and [illegible] he shall never [illegible] abroad, but [illegible]

Polity. Come [illegible]

FAireſt *Rhetorica*, how the pride of your beauty ſcornes me? will it be ſtill in the *Imperative Mood*? and ſhall my languiſhing deſire be cut off in the *Optative*? let me goe a little further, and come at laſt to the *Potentiall*.

——Yes, you ſhall goe further if you will, to the *Infinitive*, and that is never to be wooed nor

——Nay, if you having

——Nay, if you torture your Lute ſo with Muſic?

——Nay, if you

Rhet. I thinke they are happy that never marry.

Rhet. If then women deſire ſo much to marry, why is *Adam* of the *Maſculine Gender*?

Gram. Becauſe women are not ſo much loue it ſelfe, as the cauſe of loue in men.

Rhet. Well, the ſummy, they ſhall not be afraid of *Accidens* for you.

Gram. Indeed *Accidit, Contigit, Euenit, Succurrit*: but that's moral, and therefore wee put it among the *Neuters*.

Rhet. Well, ſir, my neceſſarie departure muſt cut off the End of your diſcourſe by an *Abſcedo*. *Exit Rhet.*

Gram. I, but is it brought to my diſcontent? O ſee the ſcorne of loue! ſhee flies away. ——*Ile wed Pamphera domari* ——well if I were rich enough, I durſt lay the loſſe of her, I'd gaine her: but 'tis money muſt goe firſt; and therefore,

now

MAGVS ASTROLOGIA. Part. III.

forbade

Astrol.
Physiog. } *shout.* Hay braue! we stand aboue fate, and the
Cheir. } heauens.

Magus. Come, now let's goe securely.

Physiog. } Long may great *Magus* liue: long may great
Cheir. } *Magus* liue. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTVS V. SCENA IIII.

POETA, PHANTASTES.

I Protest, *Phantastes*, I'm sorry for thee; but thou know'st I haue a man alreadie, and one that loues mee very well, *Melancholico*.

Phant. Yet, dearest *Poeta*, if you will vouchsafe another also entertaynment, *Phantastes* shall be readie at your command.

Poeta. How farre hast thou trauell'd with *Geographus*?

Phant. Too farre, Sir, to be cast off now: why, about the world, Sir; or to speake the truth, I haue gone further than he.

Poeta. Say'st thou so?

Phant. Yes, Ile assure you, Sir: and I can acquaint you, Sir, if you please, with one particular attempt of mine, whereby I out-ventur'd him.

Poeta. What's that?

Phant. Why, Sir, in our North-voyage being come to the vtmost part in all *Finmarchia*, to the North-cape (the Longitude thereof is well-nigh fiftie degrees, and the Latitude almost 73.) being then past the Articke-circle about six degrees, and so by consequent being in a paralell Spheare, *Geographus* durst not venture any further; and there was, Sir, at that time in our company, a great Magician, (I haue forgot of what Vniuersitie) which Magician and I, leauing *Geographus* vpon the Land, vnder-tooke (being so neere) to discouer the parts directly vnder the Pole.

Poeta. But what was your deuice against the cold?

Phant. Why, Sir, besides excellent furres we had, we had also hot waters to preserue our heat within: but at last wee were come so farre, that wee were faine to come out of our

ſhip vpon the ice, and then the Magician being alſo an exquiſite Geometrician, got the ſhip vpon the Ice, and then made wheeles for it, and an artificiall Engine to make it goe of it ſelfe; you may ſee proportionally the like deuice in your Puppets that will goe and turne of themſelues. The ice then being ſmooth, the ſhip went forward of its owne accord, till wee found our ſelues to haue paſt the Articke circle twenty three degrees full. Then were we halfe a degree iuſt from the Pole: there we met with a moſt furious ſea, that ſcornes to yeeld to the vſurping cold: when the Geometrician takes me off the wheeles, and forth we lanched, and ſo ſail'd till wee came to haue the Pole it ſelfe for our Zenith; and then we beheld a dreadfull rocke.

Poeta. How did yee then?

Phan. Why thus, Sir: when the Magician ſaw this, he immediately drawes a booke out of his Pocket, and falls to reading: when ſtraight-way all the ſea about vs was as calme as a freſh-water riuer amongſt vs: and the ſhip went no faſter than we would haue it our ſelues: and ſo, without any danger we came to the rocke; vnto which making a ſhift to faſten our ſhip, wee aſcended: it ſeem'd as blacke as any Pitch: vpon the top of which (for we went to the top) there aſcended an huge Pillar: which on the lower parts ſeem'd as blacke as the rocke; but ſtill in the Aſcent it grew whiter, and whiter: and indeed the whole pillar ſeem'd to vs very Ice, but that it was at the lower part blacker, and it was as bigge as ordinarily any tower among vs; and at the bottome of it there was a paſſage to goe in. We went in, and being entred, there were two paire of ſtaires, the one deſcending, the other aſcending: for we found the pillar to bee hollow, and our ſight could not diſcouer without-ſide how high it was: wee went downewards ſome dozen or twenty ſtaires, where wee heard a moſt hideous noiſe, that our hearts failing vs we came vp againe.

Poeta. And what did you come away then?

Phan. No, Sir, we then went vpwards, and in our aſcent we ſtill found open places to giue vs light and Aire; as bigge commonly as a doore; and we aſcended ſo far, that at laſt the

Sunne

Sunne shin'd vpon vs, as it does here, and then it grieu'd vs to thinke we were to goe backe such an vncouth way againe; wel, we went still higher, and at last looking out at these doores, and seeing that part of the world that lay towards vs, (being a fine Sun-shine day,) we saw a very terrible battell, fought betweene the *Turke* and the *Persian*, wherein the *Turke* was put to the worst: but now the Magician growing weary, and desirous to know how farre this Pillar ascended, he held by the side of the doore, and lookt vpwards, but with the feare suddenly fell downe: and there was the vnhappy end of my companion. This pillar doubtles we coniectur'd to be the Pole, and the way to heauen; and the staires that descended, the way to hell, and to the other Pole. With this accident I being halfe affrighted, with a trembling at the wonders of the gods, humbly descended.

Poeta. Alas! what did you doe in that case being alone?

Phant. Why, Sir, when I was come downe, the sea was still calme; and so I vnfastening the ship, sail'd the Ice, and according to the instruction I had learn'd of the Magician, I got it ouer the Ice; and without any danger return'd to *Geographus*.

Poeta. Mee thinkes you should haue had but Cold Comfort to be in that place alone.

Phant. I protest vnto you, Sir, simple as I stand here now, I did it then. Now, Sir, whersoeuer *Geographus* comes, he equally bragges of this attempt as his also; but I vow by my former dangers and present griefes, the discouerie was made onely by *Magus*, and *Phantastes*; and the relation by *Phantastes* onely.

Poeta. And is this the reward which *Geographus* hauing now gotten enough, glues vnto you? especially you hauing sau'd his credit hitherto in not discouering also his lying arrogancie? 'tis inhumane ingratitude.

Enter ETHICVS.

Ethicus. (*to Phantastes*) How now weather-cocke? what wind blew you this way? (*to Poeta*) Why, wise man, haue you neuer a fitter Companion than this trauelling gallant? [*to Phantastes*] Pray be so mannerly as to trauell a little aside; I must speake with *Poeta*.

Phant. Alas Sir, I'le not disturbe you; when a man's once downe, I perceiue he shall be trod vpon. *Exit Phantastes.*

Ethicus. How now? what would this fellow haue with you?

Poeta. A seruice.

Ethicus. Yes faith, you should entertaine euery mans cast-off. Come, are you ready with your Maske you promis'd *Politus* at the Celebration of *Astronomia's* marriage? all the chiefe of the Common-wealth will bee there.

Poet. Yes I wil attend vpon their ioy and mine owne griefe: I haue made a maske aforehand; for I foresaw long agoe *Geographus* should haue her, I haue kept my promise; but 'tis but short, as my discontent would giue me leaue: and the boyes that are to act it, haue learned it at once reading ouer, and *Melancholico* has dresst them by this time I thinke.

Ethicus. Come, let's in: I hope ere long to come to your wedding and *Historia's*.

Poeta. Mine? alas! I'le resolue now to liue and die a maid: *Historia* shall registet me vp among her examples of virginitie.

Ethicus. I, and thy verse make her immortall: come, let's goe; but thou mak'st me laugh, a Poet die a maid? I neuer knew any of the brood yet, so chaste. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS V. SCENA V.

MEDICVS, CAVSIDICVS.

Medic. NAy *Causidicus*, your state cannot be worse than mine; for I'm in a terrible quandarie, more shaking than an Ague: 't had bin better I had taken the poyson my selfe, for so I might haue tooke a Vomit, and peraduenture got it vp againe; but I shall neuer be able to Purge my my selfe of this infamy.

Causid. Faith *Medicus*, and I thinke no mans case can be likely worse than mine owne: for it had beene better for mee if I had pleaded ne'r a cause, rather than two. Well, I feare by this double fee, I shall purchase the fee-simple of a knaue, as long as I liue.

Medicus. Indeed I doe not well see how you will be euer able to plead againe now your tongue's clouen; and yet I remember there was a famous Lawyer, that riding to plead two or three causes (iust as you would haue done now) vnhappily fell off his horse, and falling on his chinne, his tongue by chance doubling in his mouth, he bit it quite thorow, and yet by good lucke I cur'd him.

Causid. Nay, for my tongue, that will doe well enough: but 'tis my cares that I feare: I would I had but a Lease of mine owne life for them.

Medic. 'Faith, witty great crimes are like a consumption, they are easily to be cur'd when they begin, but hardly discouer'd; and easily discouered when they are ripe, but hardly cur'd: and therefore I feare we shall be both cut off as desperate Members.

Causid. Well, yet let's keepe possession of our states as long as we can; and that must be by this meanes. If we be call'd to our accounts, not presently to confesse, for the veriest theefe will at the first plead, *Not Guiltie:* and yet wee will not too stiffely stand in our innocency, that so there may be a way left for our pardon.

Medic. Well, let's hasten in to the celebration of the marriage; for wee're expected before this time; my heart's almost at my mouth with feare; and Dances, me thinks, as if it were at the wedding alreadie.

Causid. This *Polites* is a subtill fellow, and he'l take vs when we little thinke on't; but wee'll goe voluntarily, and so hee shall not need to send out a *Capias ad respondendum*, for vs.

Medicus. Well, I thinke when all comes to all, our best meanes to wash away these faults, will be our Distillation of teares. *Exeunt Medicus & Causidicus.*

ACTVS V. SCENA VI.

[The Muſike playing, theſe enter.]

POLITES, *in a ſcarlet gowne, hood, and cap with Ermines.*

POLITES {GEOGRAPH. / ASTRONOM.} {PHYSICA / ETHICVS. / OECONOM.}

POETA, GEOMETRES, GRAMMATICVS, LOGICVS, MAGVS, MEDICVS, HISTORIA, ARITHMETICA, RHETORICA, ASTROLOGIA, MVSICA, MELANCHOLICO, SANGVIS, CHOLER, PHLEGMATICO.

ALl happineſſe attend the Nuptials.

Omnes. All happineſſe attend the Nuptials.

Polites. Phyſica, you now behold the bleſt vnion of your deareſt childe.

Phyſic. And with ioy, thanks to the gods and moſt honor'd *Polites.* *Enter* PHANT.

Choler. How now, ſirrah? what doe you here? you ſerue no body here, get you out againe.

Phant. I wou'n't, Sir: they ſay here's a maske to be ſeene.

Choler. Wou'n't you, Sir? Ile trie that.

Polites. What's the matter there?

Choler. Why, and't pleaſe you, Sir, *Phantaſtes* is ſhifted in here to ſee a maske, which he ſayes, he heard ſhould be here, but he is deceiu'd, and I'd haue him out againe.

Polites. Come, let him alone, let him alone, this once; hee'll ſooner ſhift, to ſee ſuch a toy than a better thing: but wiſemens matriages now-adayes can be thriftily celebrated without Fiddlers.

Phantaſt. Sirrah, now I will ſtand here in ſpight of your teeth.

Choler. You may thanke *Polites,* or elſe i'faith I'd ha' trounc'd you.

Polites. Silence: Since the gods haue afforded vs the happineſſe of ſo frequent an Aſſembly, I thinke it the next happineſſe

pinesse to vse a prouenient discretion, vpon this offred occasion, for the reformation of some dangerous abuses, which most stealingly haue crept into the common-wealths and therefore are the more dangerous, by how much they are the more secret. *Magus* and *Astrologia*, depart the Bench.

Magus. } Wee?
Astrol. }

Polites. Obey, or iustice shall be violent to inforce you. *Choler*, are the two rogues, *Physiognomus* and *Cheiromantes* apprehended, as I gaue command?

Choler. Yes, Sir, and at hand.

Polites. Let them be brought in then; and with them *Causidicus*. *Exit Choler.* *Medicus*, leaue the bench.

Medic. I? who's my accuser?

Polites. Thine owne actions, and thy man *Sanguis* shall cry lowd against thee.

Enter CHOLER *with* CAVSIDICVS *and* PHYSIOGNOMVS, *but drawing* CHEIROMANTES.

Choler. O the gods! and't please you, *Polites*, this little rogue *Cheiromantes* being vnwilling to come, as I was drawing him, pickt my pocket. 'Sbones, these Varlets are worse than witches, for they say when they are in hold, they must leaue their deuill, but a man had as leife haue the deuill in hold as these, for they'l haue his mony in hold, or it shall scape 'hem hardly.

Polites. *Physiognomus*, and *Cheiromantes*, doe you know this Gentleman? *He points to Poeta.*

Physiog. } Yes, Sir.
Cheiro. }

Polites. And did you neuer know a purse of his?

Cheiro. I protest vnto your Honour, there was nothing but a few idle papers in't, but not a peny of mony.

Poeta. Oh the impudence of villany! by the reputation of a Gentleman, I put fiue pounds of gold into it the morning before I came forth; or else *Poeta's* a Foigner.

Cheiro. Sure then, Sir, you put it forth againe before you came forth.

Polites. Well, your owne confession proclaimes your guilt;

Iustice

Iuſtice, therefore awards you this ſentence. Thou *Phyſiognomon*, that thou maiſt neuer looke any man in the Face more, ſhalt be burnt in the fore-head for a Rogue, that ſo euery one may know thee by thy Phyſiognomie-----*Cheiromantes*, ſince thou haſt had a Hand in this matter too, thou ſhalt bee burnt in the hand, and then both of you ſhall be baniſhed the Common-wealth of the Sciences.——*Cholar*, take them away.

Phyſ. Tuſh, Ile but paint my Face afterwards.

Cheiro. And Ile quickly bite it out of my hand againe.

Phyſiog. } Wee ſcorne to ſcape this puniſhment. *Exeunt*
Cheiro. } *Cholar, Phyſiog. Cheiro.*

Polites. *Geometres*, did not *Magus* offer by Magike and loue-cups to procure you the loue of *Aſtronomia*?

Geom. Yes, Sir, he did.

Polites. And *Geometres*, did not you ſee *Aſtrologia* at the Banquet at *Ethicus* his houſe, caſt a powder into *Aſtronomia's* drinke?

Geom. I did Sir.

Polites. Why then, iuſtice muſt proceed vpon you.

Magus. } We yeeld our ſelues to your Honours mercie.
Aſtrol. }

[Geometres *comes to* Polites, *and whiſpers him in the eare, then returnes to his place.*]

Polites. *Melancholica* and *Sanguis* lay hands vpon them preſently, ſearch their pockets, and take out certaine Rings if they haue any.

Magus. } *Glaſſialabolas*, *Glaſſialabolas*, *Glaſſialabolas*. Oh
Aſtrol. } violence! Oh violence!

Mel. Here's one Sir.

Sang. And here's another.

Melanch. and Sanguis ſearch their pockets by force, and take out Rings.

Geom. I, theſe are they. *Magus* himſelfe acquainted mee with this deuice: for, theſe Rings put on their little-fingers, and thoſe words repeated thrice, would haue made them inuiſible immediately.

Omnes. O ſtrange!

Geom. Now honour'd *Polites*, you may proceed.

Polites. *Magus*, becauſe thy profoundeſt villanie was wrought by a Circle; inſtead of an endleſſe puniſhment like

thy

thy Circle, here thou shalt bee broken vpon a wheele, and afterwards the gods no doubt will adiudge thee for euer to supply *Ixions* roome, by turning his wheele. Thou *Astrologia*, shalt not as yet be deuested on, but cast into a close Prison, that thou maist neuer more behold the Heau'ns, but bee torture'd continually with a perpetuall anxietie, and expectation of thy fate.

Georg. Nay, honour'd *Politeo*, let me begge *Magus* his life.

Astron. I; and I, that *Astrologia* may enioy the benefit of the Heauens, libertie.

Politeo. I may not without a danger to the Common-wealth.

Georg. Then let *Geographus* obtaine the request on this condition, that they vndertake a voluntarie trauell, in stead of an inforc'd banishment.

Politeo. Depart then the Common-wealth for euer.

Magus & Astrologia. Wee goe. Heauen and Hell conspire *Magus* and *Astrologia*'s ruine; and yet they will not ruine vs.

Exeunt Magus & Astrologia.

Politeo. Medicus, did not you send Poyson in stead of Physicke to *Peete* being sicke?

Med. And 'please you, I know not whether it were Poyson or not: I sent *Historia*'s owne seruant with a *Recipe*, to *Galen* our mine Apothecaries: and if it were bad, it was his villanie.

Politeo. Well, as if he had any reason to haue done so, without vnder-hand notice from you: doe not depriue your selfe of an hope of pardon by an vniust pretence of innocencie.

Med. Good *Politeo*. [*Weepes.*]

Politeo. What can'st thou say for thy selfe, else iudgement should not proceed against thee.

Medic. Honour'd *Politeo*, vouchsafe to heare mee speake: with griefe I acknowledge mine offence, but vnwitting: first made mee bad. I was a poore silly an Apothecaries man, and keeping a note of *Recipe*'s that came to my Master, and inquiring of the bearers the disease of the Patient, I afterward turn'd Physician, but I neuer administred any Physicke, but

such as I found in my Papers: and then, for Action, I fell to reading some Physick-bookes: and though I could not iudge of them, and make vse of them, yet I by them did learne to talke with my Patients as then themselues.

Polites. Oh, the confident ignorance of beggerly *Empirikes*! Well, stand aside a little: *Causidicus*, can thy two tongues make one honest defence for the iustifying of thy selfe? what canst thou alleage that iudgement should not proceed against thee?

Caus. My Booke, honour'd *Polites*.

Polites. Thou canst not haue it.

Caus. Honour'd *Polites*—

Polites. Thou canst not haue it.

Caus. Then vouchsafe, I beseech you, to heare me speake. I likewise must accuse Pouerie of my first guilt: 'twas need also that first made mee bad: I was at the first a Sumner, then got to be a Serjeants man, then a Lawyers Clarke, and these were the first steps of my fortune: and since I haue beene a Lawyer, (alas!) such haue beene my wants, that hauing no Clyents to saue my credit, I haue pretended businesse, and gone vp and downe with a Pen and Inke-horne by my side, as earnestly as if I had a dozen Causes to plead: what (alas?) I had scarce bread to liue on; but, I protest vnto your honour, Fortune had quite ouer-law'd my cause.

Polites. Well then, I award thee this merciful iudgement: because, *Causidicus*, after seuen yeares practice of the Law (for so long thou hast, I know not how iustly, gone vnder that title) thou hast deserued to hold vp thy hand at the Barre, when thou should'st haue beene the defender of Iustice: thou shalt hence-forth be call'd a *Barrister*, till by thy honest pleading you redeeme your selfe from that name; and hereafter when any of thy Profession plead Causes, they shall, in the admonishing remembrance of thy crime, plead at a Barre—; and that thy pleading of two Causes may bee remembred, thou shalt weare, &c. For you, *Medicus*, because you did happily recouer *Affrumenta*—

Affrum. Indeed he gaue me a very good Clyster, Heauen knowes.

Politer. Wee pardon your offence: and thus vpon your Good behauiour wee will suffer you both in the Commonwealth; but with this caution, that if euer you come by your Learning to any degree, in the Vniuersitie of our Commonwealth, (that you may for euer bee distinguished from other men) because you haue not beene found *Viri quadrati*, Square and vpright men; you shall bee inioyn'd to weare Round Caps.

Med. } All like mercie still attend *Politer.*
Caufid. }

Politer. But, *Medicus*, for you loue your man *Sanguis*, though this your crime was detected by him: I say, *Sanguis* is an honest seruant, and more faithfull to the whole Bodie of the Common-wealth, than any one Corrupt Member. Depart, and henceforth finde out our mercie.

Med. } Long may *Politer* liue most honour'd; long may
Caufid. } *Politer* liue most honour'd. *Exeunt Med. & Caufi.*

Enter CHOLER.

Politer. Thus as in naturall bodie, the first way to health, is by euacuing all more dangerous corruptions; and the second, by reducing the humours to a compos'd temperature: the first is already performd, and now it remaines that wee temper our selues. Most honour'd Citizens, I am not ignorant either of your contentions or loues: the first of which, as I would labour to dissolue; so to vnite the last, if your selues will be pleas'd but to submit the composing of your differences to my impartiall censure.

Omnes. We are pleas'd, Reuerend *Politer*.

Politer. The gods adde the happinesse of successe to my determinations. First then *Poesie*, *Logicke*, and *Grammatica* vs, you shall heare all former contentions in a perpetuall *Aqueda*, or oblivion; and then (*Grammatica*) for you. *Geometrya*, I am sorrie that the Villanie of Warre did so farre seduce you: but me all science as your accomplement and fince *Geographie* has obtain'd *Astronomie's* embrace you courteously she loue of *Arithmetica*. I'm sure euer since you haue both beene of yeares of discretion, you haue beene acquainted: and besides, *Geometrya*, there is not any man in the World, whom thee makes

more account of than your selfe: and therefore I will not say, *vt ameris ama*, loue her, that she may loue you; but *Quia amaris ama*. Loue because you are first lou'd; nay, 'tis a iust gratitude, which also is a loue, and so you shall double it. Briefly, if there be any point *Geometres*, which you stand vpon, know you remaine still at Ods; but if you embrace the loue of *Arithmetica*, you'l be at a perfect vnitie.

Geom. Well, *Polites*, *Geometres* shall bee Rul'd by you this once; come, Wench, sute I must honorbee, Learn long to take thine Altitude.

Arith. And I trust we two shall be alwales Euen.

Polites. Poeta, you haue partly yeelded to mee in priuate a consent to the embracing of *Historia*'s loue, which if you shall publikely confesse, and so confirme, you shall not only get a Wife, but a friend; and what honour *Polites* may doe to *Poeta*, loue and opportunitie shall vnitedly performe.

Oeconom. I; consent, wild-head, consent: thee I make thee more stay'd.

Poeta. I yeeld! *Historia*, my loue shall more inseparably follow thee, than the *Hexameter* the *Pentameter*, or the *Alcaicke*, the *Sapphicke*.

Historia. Why, thus did *Xenophon* and his Loue ioyne together.

Polit. As for you, *Grammaticu*, I vnderstand of your great affection to *Rhetorica*: who though shee loues *Logicke*, yet because hee loues not her mutually, (which ought be required betweene such paires) and that *Rhetorica* had shewed some kind of affection toward *Grammaticke*, with any best desires I will ioyne you two; and the rather to induce a willingnesse in you, *Rhetorica*, I would haue you not forget, how *Grammaticu* and you haue beene brought vp from Children together, and Schoole-fellowes, and take this for a rule: Change not an old friend. Yeeld *Rhetorica*, yeeld yet *Physica* interest there.

Rhetor. Why then, *Grammatica*, at this double request, without any Circumlocutions or Figures, I plainely offer vp to thee my loue.

Gram. Why then, deare st *Rhetorica*, *Quae nostra voluptas summa ocellus.* Thou doest not onely gratifie *Politen*, but also *Physica*,

sion, and Nature her selfe: Ile [illegible]

Politus. [illegible]

Logicus. [illegible] for any such Relation.

Politus. We will assume [illegible]

Logicus. [illegible]

Politus. [illegible] *Phlegmatice*, if he will win *Politus* his loue, he must leaue his Tobacco.

Ethicus. I, and learne more manners, for I am sure he wants them.

Politus. And *Grammaticus* [illegible] his *Choler*. Now my [illegible] *Oeconoma*, would vouchsafe to giue good aduice to *Poesis* and *Historia*: and you, honour'd *Physica*, to your happy children *Geographus* and *Astronomia*: for *Grammaticus* and *Rhetorica* their Tongues will alwayes agree, and then I thinke they can hardly fall out: and for *Geometres* and *Arithmetica*, I likewise know they will be very Regular, and now all's composed, and yet, now I think on't, it is not, for yonder *Melancholico* stands sad, and alone, amongst all these matches: and yet it is better thought on, yonder's *Musica* too: now surely a fit match; but they shall be henceforth for their ingenuitie, both exempt from seruitude, and made ioynt fellowes with our selues.

Melan. Thanks to *Politus*, [illegible] and I will be play-fellowes.

Musica. 'Faith Ile haue Dancing at my wedding, what ere comes on't.

Phant. I beseech you, *Politus*, suffer not a seruant through want to be lost, and come to an ignominious death.

Politus. [illegible] for *Poesis*, [illegible] *Phantastes*: that hee may be seruant to *Melancholico* and *Musica*.

Politus. I yeeld vnto it.

Phant. And I trust I shall please my Master, and Mistris, beyond imagination.

Politus.

Epilogue.

Iudicious Hearers, you that apprehend*
What taske it is to make the Arts descend
To Popular eares; you whose pure iudgement knowes,
How to distinguish betweene Arts and Showes;
Our Author now salutes. And does compare
His Comedie vnto his Theater;
Where some play Arts, some Humors; and thus fits
Himselfe, to all variety of wits.
If any yet shall aske why he does bring
A Hobby-horse, or such a nimble thing
To raise an Ignorant laugh: It was his Art
That said, This will expresse Phantastes *part;*
And thus he Scorn'd and Vs'd it. He did feare
Indeed, there was a People too, en'n Here.
Therefore his Courteous Comedie did speake
And act Some things to satisfie the Weake
Shee-Academickes; and to make Them smile,
Brought in Impostors, Gypsies, and such vile
Pedlars of Arts: yet does he not from These
Hope for a Tin-foil'd glory: or so please
Himselfe, by a Reflection, Here to stay,
And in a Looking-glasse behold his play;
Nor does he promise to himselfe, in high
Conceit, a Sawcy Immortalitie.
Yet This he sayes: Let no man iudge his Aarts,
But he that first can iudge of all the Arts.
But I forget one message; Fate of life!
Poore Melancholico *has lost his wife.*
For whilst, within, he on the Humors tended,
Pure Musike with the Arts to Hean'n ascended.
Which makes the poore man sad, that now hee's growne
Into a Dump, thus to be left Alone.
Yet since he cannot call Her backe againe,
He does intreat this grace he may obtaine;
That You would, to repaire his Marriage bands,
Create Another Musica *with Your Hands.*

* When the *Epilogue* was about to be spoken, the pure Arts were ascended to Heauen, and appeared (as in the *Prologue* till the *Epilogue* was ended, and then the Heauen closed.

FINIS.